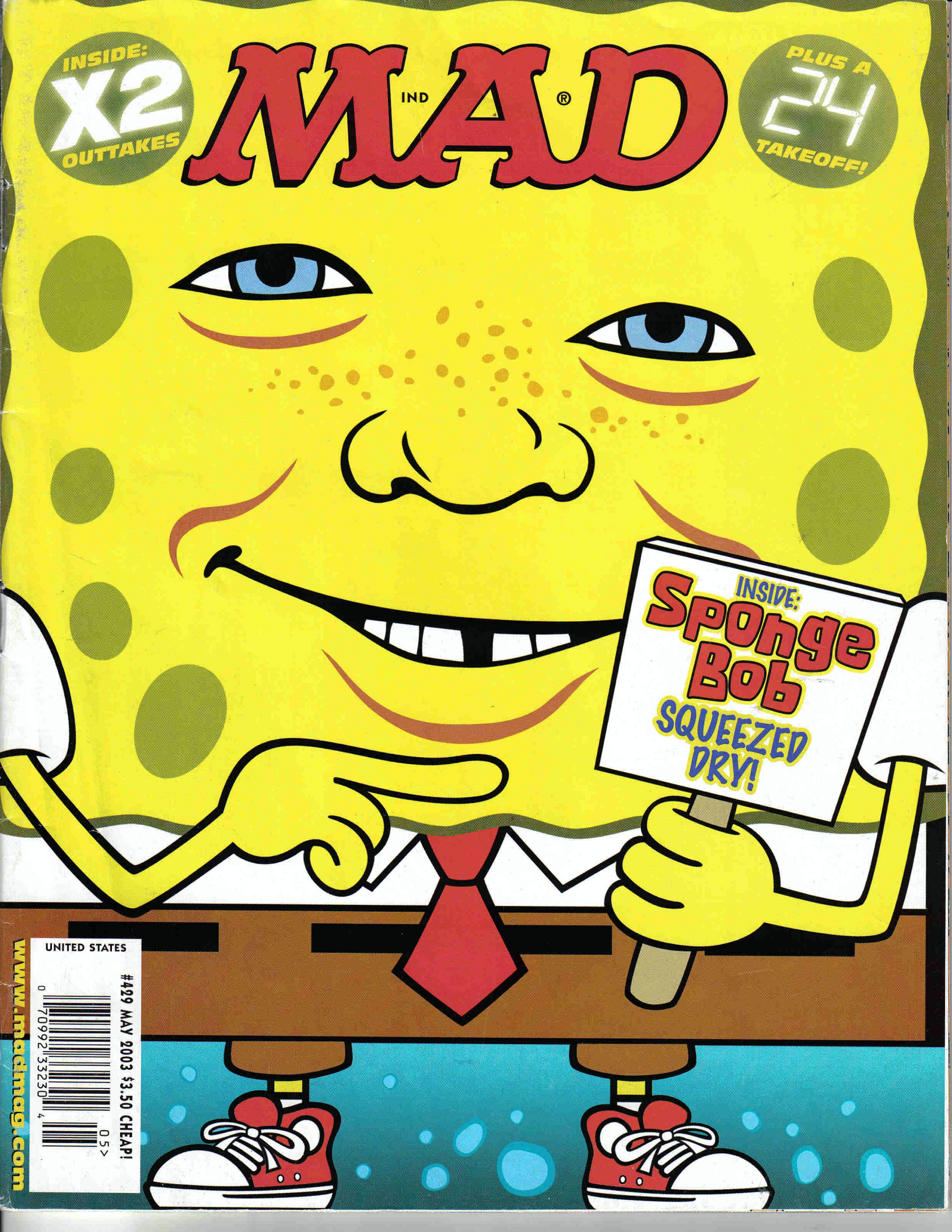

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MAD

MAY 2003 NUMBER 429

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Plenty of people believe in energy conservation— mainly their own!

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Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I would like to turn my own room into a MAD subscription office. I would love it if you guys could send me all the necessary things needed to do my job. I require no pay and I don't require a computer.

Bryan Glezerson, Alberta, Canada

Bry — We have good news and bad news. The bad news is we do not think your letter qualifies for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, for it is our belief that *every* MAD reader should turn their bedroom into a satellite MAD subscription office! So here's the good news: even though your wish doesn't qualify for a dumb wish, we are providing you with 1,000 postpaid MAD subscription cards. To get them, simply go to a magazine shop in your area and buy up all the MADs. There will be two cards in every issue you purchase. Take these cards and hand them out to all of your friends and pester them incessantly until they subscribe to MAD. Then continue to pester them until they open up a MAD subscription office in *their* bedroom. Tell them they can get the cards the same way you did. Welcome to the MAD organization — we're happy to have you on board. See you at the company picnic! —Ed.

HAVING A WEE BIT OF FUN

I just saw MAD #426 and in it, I saw some things about Enron. Well, you guys must like making fun of them, so I thought I'd fax you something that really happened to me. Me and a few of my "guy" friends were riding around Houston and we accidentally found the Enron building. It was about 3 a.m. and my cousin decided he needed to pee while we were stopped at a light in front of it. Jadrual (my cousin) jumped out of the car and leaked on the front entrance door handles. My other friend thought this looked like fun, so he went to join. We circled around the block of abandoned streets and when we came back towards the front, they both hopped back in really fast and yelled "Go!" I said, "What's wrong?" and it turns out they were spotted and the cops were called. We took off and passed the speeding cop car on the way home! We never got caught, but we still make fun of them!

Sarah di Sparti, via Fax

Spar — We don't know what the cop's problem was. If you got caught you could have simply explained that you were doing a mere re-enactment of what Kenneth Lay and all his cronies did to the Enron shareholders. One thing — you did wash your hands before writing this letter, right? No? Ewwwwwww! —Ed.



GREETINGS FROM THE GRAYBAR HOTEL

In MAD #427 you said you didn't know what NASCAR stood for. You probably have millions of letters saying it means National Association for Stock Car, but they are wrong. It really means Non-Athletic Sport Centered Around Rednecks!

Dan Dooley, Camp Hill, PA
P.S. — I'm the only guy on my cellblock who subscribes to MAD and I get lots of smokes renting it out. Thanks.

Oh Danny Boy — Thanks for your letter. It supports what we've maintained for years: there's no better way to pass the time serving a 5 to 10er than with MAD Magazine. See you at the parole board hearing! —Ed.
P.S. — Have you considered a subscription to MAD XL and MAD Color Classics? You could double your smokes intake!

LOOKING TO THE STARS

I was reading the Letters Page of your magazine when I noticed something. Once an issue you give a free three-year subscription to your magazine to a person who gets their picture taken with a celebrity and a copy of your magazine. I was wondering: what do you consider a celebrity? Do you mean movie stars? Public interest figures? Or is it just someone who is very popular? Please clarify this for me.

Cameron Ledbetter, Union, SC

Cam'Ron — Thanks for your letter and we understand your confusion. To help you out, we have prepared this handy reference tool to clip and keep in your wallet:

CELEBRITY	NOT A CELEBRITY
Siegfried	Roy
Ronald McDonald	Mayor McCheese
Dixie Chicks Emily Robison and Martie Maguire	Fat Dixie Chick Natalie Maines
Osama bin Laden	Mullah Omar
Mary Kate	Ashley
Ruth Bader Ginsburg	Sandra Day O'Connor
Catherine Zeta-Jones	Tommy Lee Jones
	Zach Braff

WHAT A LOAD OF RAP

I have noticed that MAD often showcases hardcore rappers in their articles. Do you think that hardcore rap has the ability to change the world for the better? Would you know what the sayings "Word to your mother," "aight," "word up" and "It's off the hook" all mean? Just wondering, my fellow enlightened scholars of the highest wordly order.

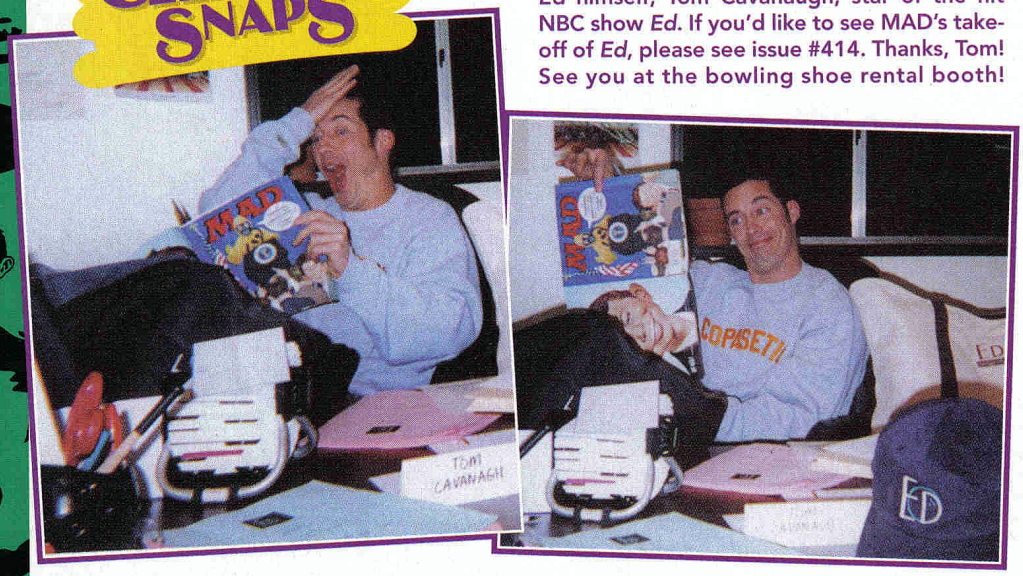
Carlos Pico, Bronx, NY

Yo Dawg — We're jiggy wit ya...a-hole! Bling Bling! —Ghostface Ed. Killah

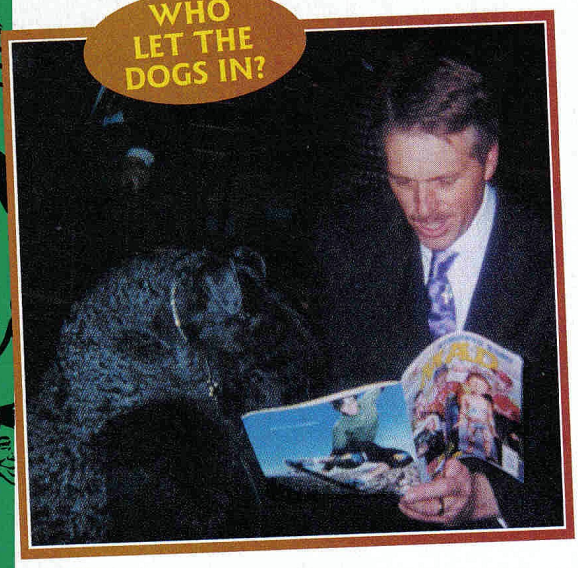
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

TWO EDs ARE BETTER THAN ONE

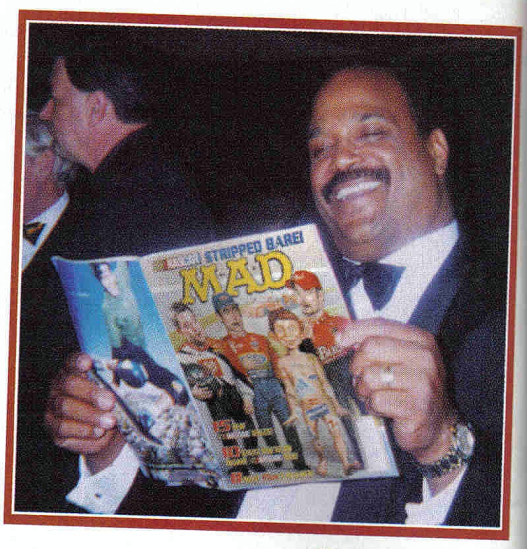
We were pleased as punch (Whatever the hell that means!) to receive these photos of Mr. *Ed* himself, Tom Cavanaugh, star of the hit NBC show *Ed*. If you'd like to see MAD's take-off of *Ed*, please see issue #414. Thanks, Tom! See you at the bowling shoe rental booth!



WHO LET THE DOGS IN?



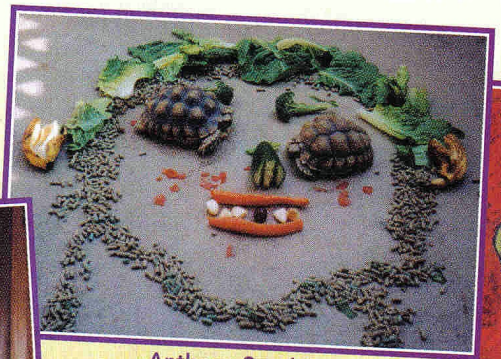
As fans of the Westminster Dog Show, all six of you will readily recognize the star of this canine snap as none other than this year's Best In Show winner Ch. Torums Scarf Michael, aka Mick, with his handler Bill McFadden. Mick the Kerry Blue Terrier won the competition for his good looks, smart grooming and great sense of humor, which he said he honed by reading every issue of MAD since he was a puppy. While at the show, Mick read quite a bit of the new issue to former CBS weatherman and current co-host for Westminster on the USA Network, Mark McEwen (shown right). Our congratulations to Mick on winning, and our eternal thanks for not taking a leak on our magazine (ditto to Mr. McEwen)! Fa!



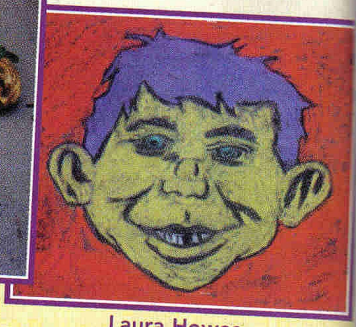


THE BIG EASEL

Back in MAD #423 we challenged readers to create Alfred E. Neuman's face in a medium of their choice. Well, the results have been pouring in like a busted open sewer pipe! Here's some and we encourage more! Send entries to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



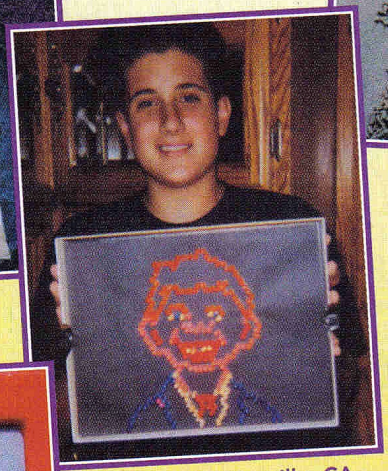
Anthony Sanclair,
Lake Forest, CA
Vegetables and Tortoises



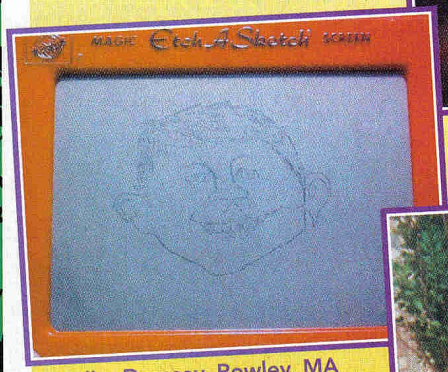
Laura Howes,
Aurora, IL
Chalk on Black Paper



Timothy Dale Stine,
Fairfield, IL — Beans



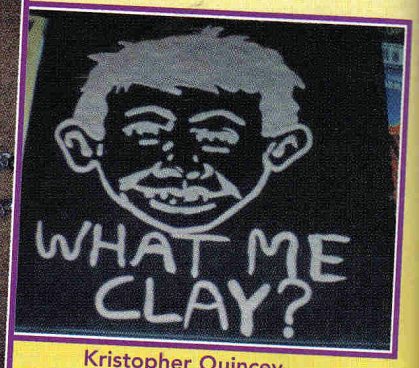
Steven Boyle, Danville, CA
Lite Brite



Jim Demsey, Rowley, MA
Magic Etch-A-Sketch Screen



Robin Delaney,
Bradfordwoods, PA
Can Tabs and Cardboard



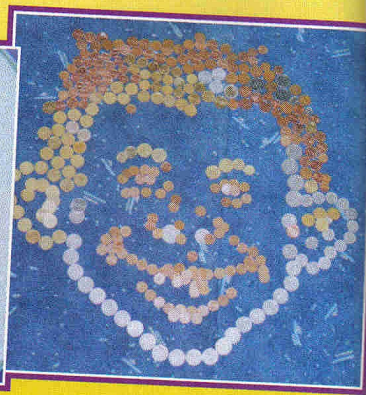
Kristopher Quincey,
Saskatchewan, Canada
Clay on Black Binder





Katrina Pecina, Cedar Hill, TX
ABOVE: Tree Bark and Glue on Styrofoam with Leaves and Branches
LEFT: Dog and Cat Food Treats and Crisco

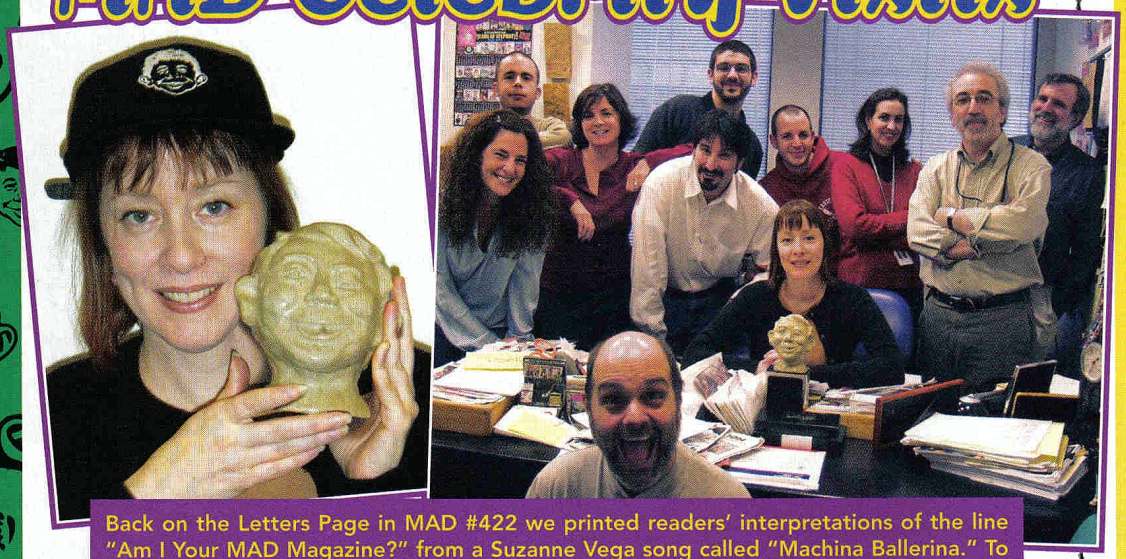




SENT BY Michael Rottler, Ludwigshafen, Germany
LEFT: Cookie Dough RIGHT: German Coins



MAD Celebrity Visits



Back on the Letters Page in MAD #422 we printed readers' interpretations of the line "Am I Your MAD Magazine?" from a Suzanne Vega song called "Machina Ballerina." To our surprise, the response was overwhelming. To our greater surprise, Miss Suzanne Vega herself showed up on MAD's humble doorstep bearing, among other things, an Alfred E. Neuman bust that she made herself when she was 13 years old. Thanks to Suzanne for bringing this treasure by for us to see. Suzanne, you are our MAD Magazine!

SYNTAXING OUR PATIENCE

Issue #426 contains a grammar error in the first sentence on page eight in "Schlubs." It should read, "The long shifts we interns have to work really affect our judgment." Mentally delete the words "...we interns have to work..." and you'll see this makes the subject-verb agreement easier to understand.

Frank P. Reynolds, M.D., Jacksonville, FL

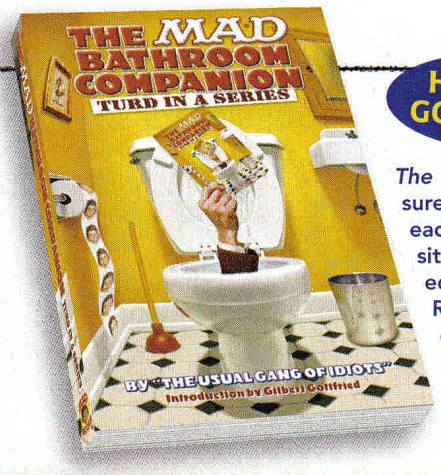
Reynolds Wrap — Thank you for your insightful letter. Perhaps you can help us understand another sentence. In the sentence "Up yours!" who is the subject referring to? Mentally delete all of the possibilities and you'll see it makes it easier to understand that it's you! —Ed.

MASTER FRAUD

Due to an unexplainable error in our computer network, we regret to inform you that all of your credit cards have expired. Please put your current card numbers and expiration dates in the next issue ASAP, so we can fill in this error and re-establish you account. We promise we are real and are not just trying to steal your money.

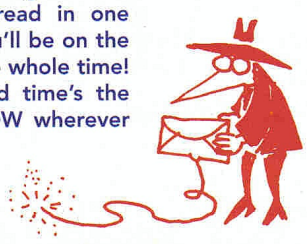
Jake Smith, New York, NY

Smithy — Thanks for your very thoughtful note. As best we can tell, only one MAD contributor ever qualified for a credit card, and that would be Arie Kaplan. Arie's credit card number for his Caldor account is A3333 35 9968, expiration date 12/2003. On behalf of Arie and the entire MAD staff, thank you for helping us out of this difficult situation! —Ed.



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

The MAD Bathroom Companion III is sure to make a splash! We guarantee each article can be read in one sitting — and that you'll be on the edge of your seat the whole time! Remember: The turd time's the charm! On sale NOW wherever books are sold!



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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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What so-so cartoon's inexplicably hot? SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!

Well-crafted, subversive and funny it's not! SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!

So why is MAD stoopin' to showcase this swill? SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!

It's simple— we've got seven pages to fill! SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!

Are ya retchin' yet?

SPONGEBOB— THE SHNOOK!
SPONGEBOB— WE COOK!
SPONGEBOB— HEY, LOOK!

SPONGEBOB CRAPBOOK!!!

ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE

SpongeBob SquarePants may be hot right now, but it's only a matter of time before it completely runs out of steam. (Hey, if it can happen to *Providence*, then no show is safe!) And when a TV show starts to get stale, there are only a few ways producers can save it. They can work on improving the writing. They can redouble their creative energy. Or, if they're lazy (which is pretty much a given), they can just add some crappy new characters in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to goose the ratings and maybe sell some schlocky toys. That said, be sure to look for...

NEW SpongeBob SquarePants CHARACTERS for the UPCOMING SEASON



CRAPPIE CATFISH

Runs a rival restaurant called The Bottom Feeder, which serves "83 Fabulous Flavors of Excrement." When his restaurant's cuisine gives dysentery to all of Bikini Bottom, Crappie loses customers, but expands his menu.

PARASITE PETE

This non-lovable character lives inside Patrick and is widely thought to be the only intestinal parasite character on TV. (If not the only one, at least the most obnoxious.) His main catchphrase is, "Hey, Fatso, keep those mussels coming through your intestines!"

DR. SIGMUND FLUKE

The local psychiatrist, who is concerned that Squidward's obsession with the clarinet may signal a latent homosexual tendency, while Mr. Krabs' nipple-like eyestalks must have something to do with an Oedipal complex. Fluke encourages everyone to "get in touch with your inner cod" and "please pay the receptionist on your way out."

SPONGEBILL HOTPANTS

SpongeBob's older brother (the one the family doesn't like to talk about) owns The Leatherback, a fetish bar a few blocks from the Krusty Krab, located in Bikini Bottom's "Red Algae District."

PINCHLEY

A lobster who's into S&M, Pinchley can usually be found at The Leatherback. He enjoys wrapping his claws in rubber bands and having a partner pour hot butter over him.

MORTY MANDIBLE

Disembodied head of a scuba diver, who is still looking on the positive side while trying to locate the rest of his body. Expect many awful puns, like "Your best days are a-HEAD," "Keep a-HEAD of the game" and "My vertebrae got crushed and severed."

THE BARNACLE BUNCH

From Daphne, the "jingoistic barnacle," to Patches, the "vegan poetess," they're 30,000 barnacles – each with a distinct personality! Or so we assume...since they're all completely silent and totally immobile! Things get slightly more interesting when a piece of seaweed briefly drifts by the rock they're attached to.

CONTINUITY CLAM

Robs the show of joy by pointing out logical inconsistencies. Typical rant: "Come on, now! It's implausible enough that a sponge could talk. But how, pray tell, does a squirrel live underwater for that length of time? And even if a snail could verbally communicate, would it really say 'meow' repeatedly? Come on, folks, let's look at some Jacques Cousteau documentaries to see how things really work!"

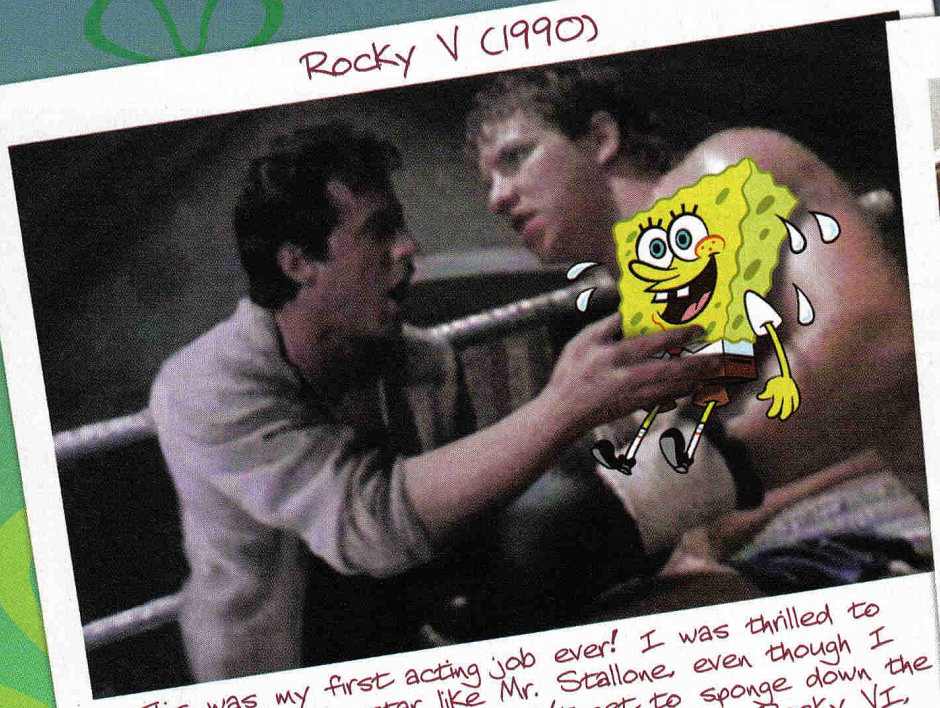
ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN

WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

SpongeBob SquarePants

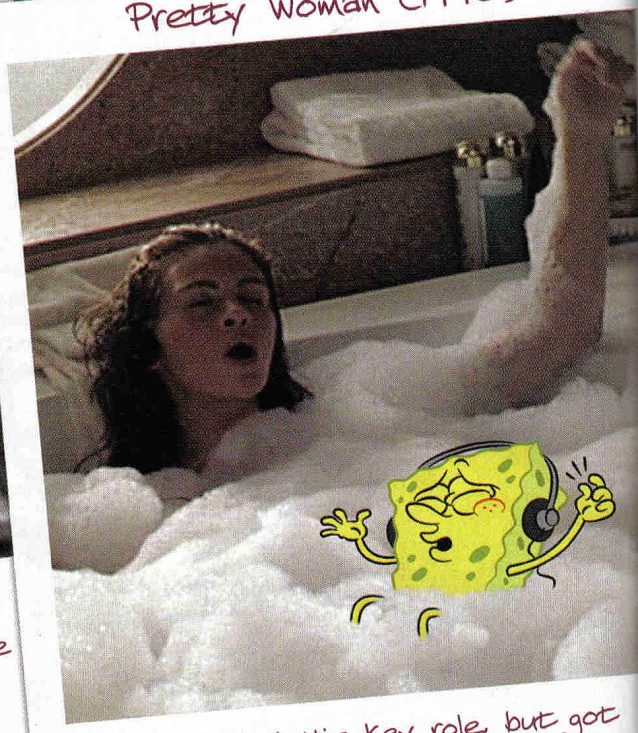
These days everybody may love SpongeBob almost as much as Raymond (which isn't saying much!), but the plucky invertebrate sure took his lumps on his way to superstardom. His days as an often overlooked bit-player in Hollywood are chronicled in humiliating detail right here in...

Rocky V (1990)



This was my first acting job ever! I was thrilled to work with a big star like Mr. Stallone, even though I was a little disappointed I didn't get to sponge down the champ himself. Maybe I'll get the chance in Rocky VI, though — my agent says Sly keeps begging me to sign on because the movie needs a box office draw!

Pretty Woman (1990)



I landed this key role, but got fired on the first day of shooting. Julia Roberts caught me peeking under the bubbles!

Titanic (1997)



Granted, I didn't have a speaking role, but I'd like to think part of the reason this became the #1 movie of all time was because of yours truly!



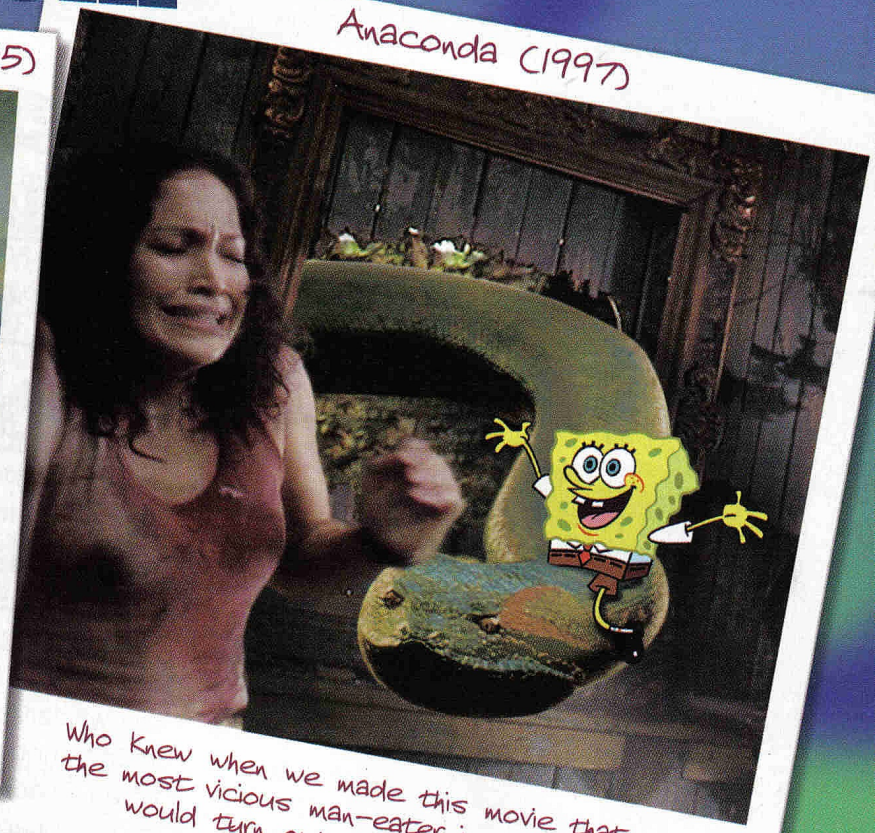
pre-stardom Acting Gigs

Seinfeld's "The Sponge" episode (1995)



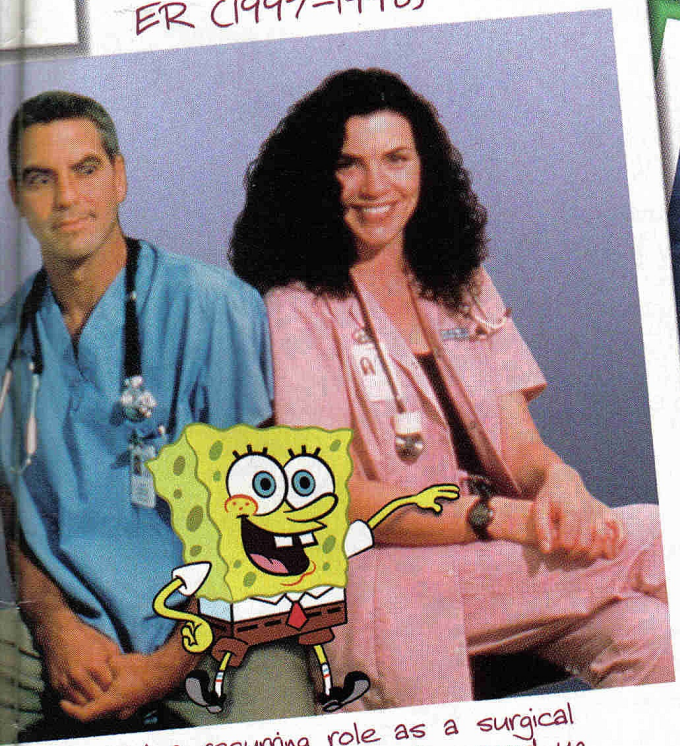
Here I am on the set of Seinfeld. Not many people know this, but I was the technical adviser for the controversial "sponge-worthy" episode!

Anaconda (1997)



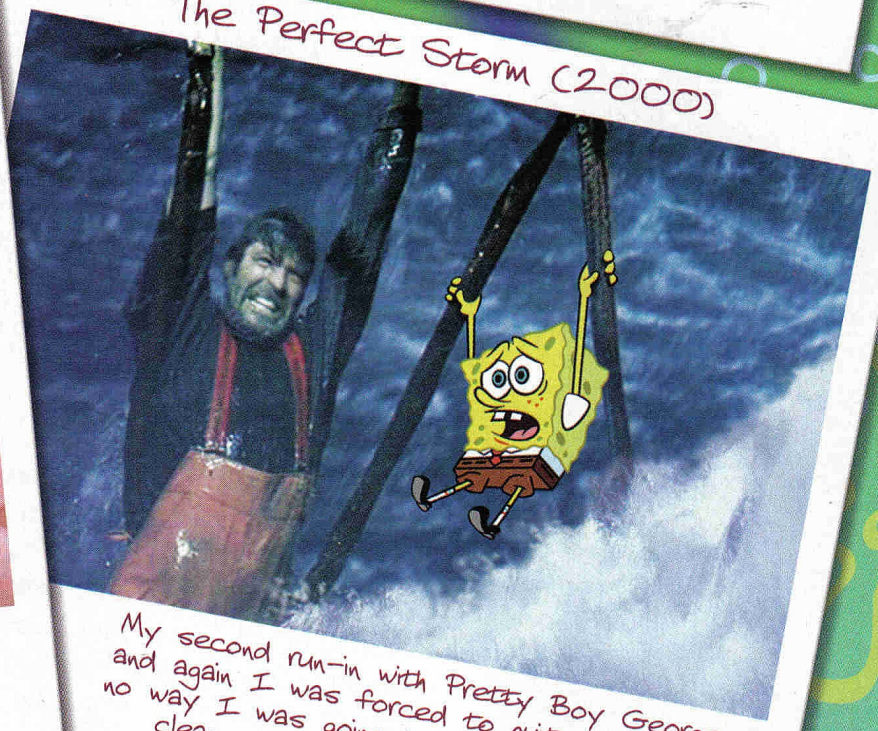
Who knew when we made this movie that the most vicious man-eater in the cast would turn out to be J-Lo?!

ER (1997-1998)



I had a recurring role as a surgical prop on ER, but eventually wound up quitting after the writers opted for that pretty boy George Clooney as Julianna Margulies' love interest instead of me!

The Perfect Storm (2000)

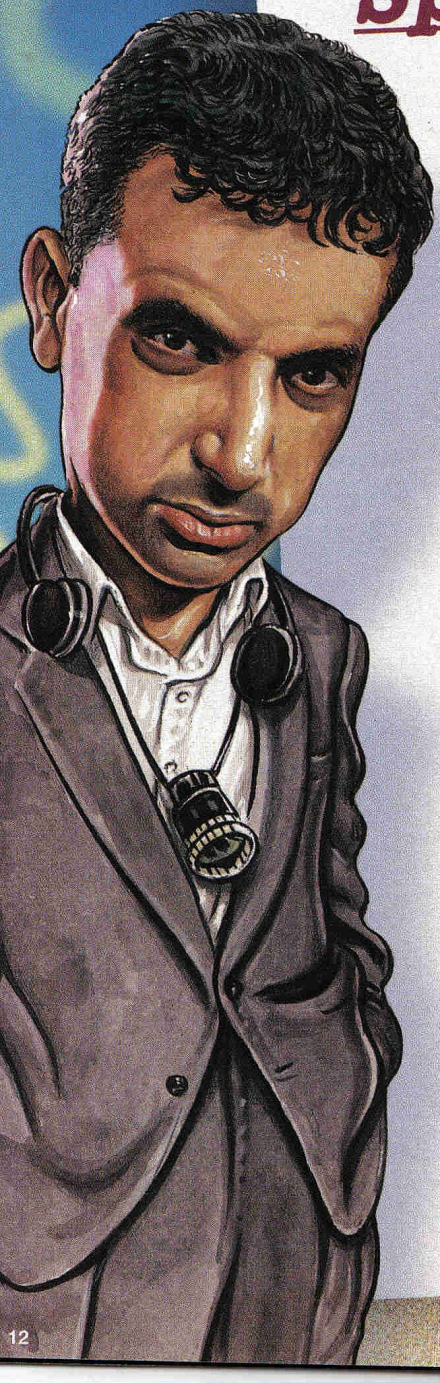


My second run-in with Pretty Boy George, and again I was forced to quit. There was no way I was going to let them use me to clean up after Clooney got seasick!

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER WRITER: GREG LEITMAN

You may think *SpongeBob SquarePants* is repetitive and annoying, but the upcoming movie promises to be different! For one thing, it'll be much longer! But what the *SpongeBob* feature *really* needs is a big time Hollywood "auteur" at the helm to prevent the film from turning into box office chum. And who better than self-proclaimed living legend, M. Night Shyamalan, whose talent for making undeserving blockbusters (*The Sixth Sense*, *Signs*) out of repetitive, annoying material is unmatched! That's why we urge studio execs to reconsider...

M. Night Shyamalan's Proposal for the *SpongeBob* Movie



When **SpongeBob SquarePants** gets snared in a commercial tuna net and almost dries to death, he begins to question the meaning of marine life. He quits his job at the **Krusty Krab** after witnessing a series of strange "carp circle" phenomena. The chills continue when **SpongeBob** confesses to **Doctor Fish**, "I see Dead Sea Scrolls."

This film will meditate on the rigors of **individuality** and the inability to form lasting **relationships** in this all-too-brief, transient plane of **existence** — through a series of profoundly **metaphorical** underwater cream pie fights. As in my previous films, the storyline climaxes with a surprise **plot twist**. The audience will love this unexpected ending because it's exactly the kind of ending they've come to expect from me.

To play **SpongeBob** himself, the obvious A-list casting choice is **Vin Diesel**. (The resemblance is uncanny, right down to the lack of body hair.) If **Vin** is "too busy," my next choice is **Emmanuel Lewis**. He's hot coming off his show ***The Surreal Life,*** and his body has actually retained a peculiar square shape which would be well-suited for the role.



I'm hoping **SpongeBob's** feisty love interest, **Sandy Cheeks**, will be played by **Julia Roberts** — who has the Southern accent and absurdly-huge teeth the character requires. I've already locked down **Woody Allen** for the part of the self-loathing, whiny, clarinet-playing **Squidward**. And as for **Patrick**, SpongeBob's chubby, dim-witted sidekick, I'm pushing hard for **Andy Richter**, a natural since he's already had experience playing second fiddle to a freakish-looking, way-too-eager-to-please, bizarrely-named dork.

The Sixth Sponge will probably end up costing slightly more than ***Waterworld*** and ***Titanic*** combined — primarily because it will be shot **entirely underwater**. This, of course, means that each take can last no longer than twelve seconds, because otherwise the actors will drown — which is expressly prohibited in the most recent **Screen Actors Guild** agreement.

I plan to pepper the soundtrack with remixes of popular sea-chanties, helping ***The Sixth Sponge*** re-coup your investment by broadening its appeal beyond the traditional **2-11** age group and targeting the notoriously hard-to-reach **pirate demographic**.

Beyond the usual T-shirts and toys, ***The Sixth Sponge*** presents unique ancillary **marketing opportunities**, including a full line of **home cleaning** products, a limited time **Burger King "Krabby Patty"** and a **"SpongeBob" contraceptive**.

In summary, ***The Sixth Sponge*** is the ultimate American success story, the tale of a sponge who's porous as hell and not gonna **take it** anymore! It combines the intellectual complexity of ***A Beautiful Mind*** and the epic scope of ***Lord of the Rings*** with the Pan-African uplift of ***Barbershop*** and the raucous tomfoolery of ***Jackass: The Movie***. It's going to be **huge** — trust me!



ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN WRITERS: ARIE KAPLAN AND SCOTT SONNEBORN

Who's the hottest Bob in entertainment? Not Bob Balaban, not Bob Denver, not Bob Geldof and certainly not Bob Dole. It's SpongeBob! And as quick as you can say *The Bachelor*, you know other Bobs will be copying his distinctive look as their own. Which means that any day now we'll be deluged with...

SPONGEBOBS EVERYWHERE!



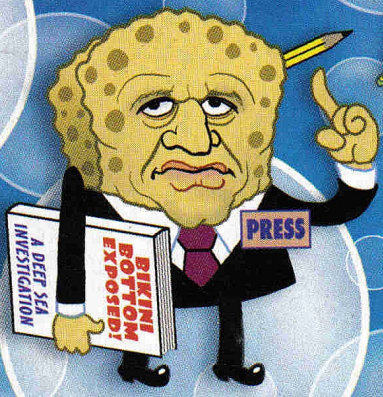
SPONGEBOB BARKER



SPONGEBOBBY KNIGHT



SPONGEBOB COSTAS



SPONGEBOB WOODWARD



SPONGEBOB MARLEY

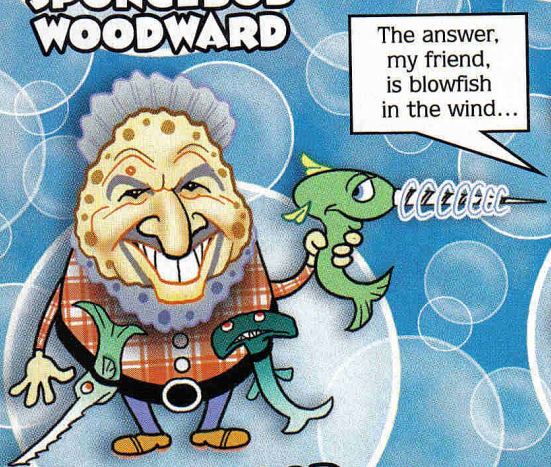


SPONGEBOBBY BROWN

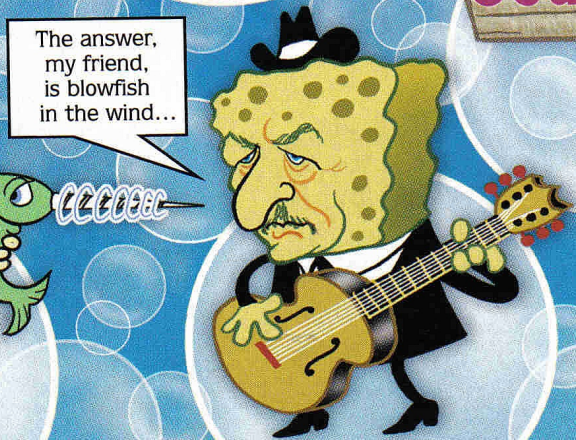


SILENT SPONGEBOB





SPONGEBOB VILA



SPONGEBOB DYLAN



JOHN WAYNE SPONGEBOBBIT

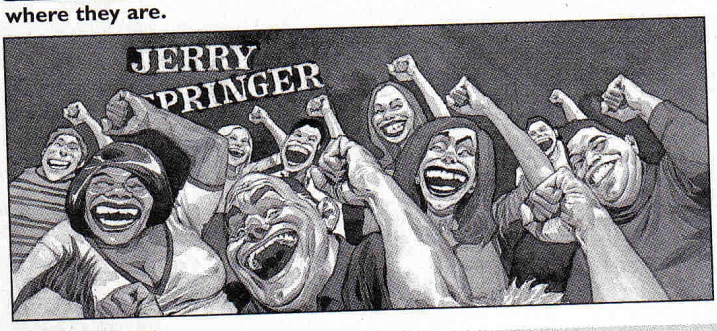
ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

THE CHAT 'N THE STAT DEPT.

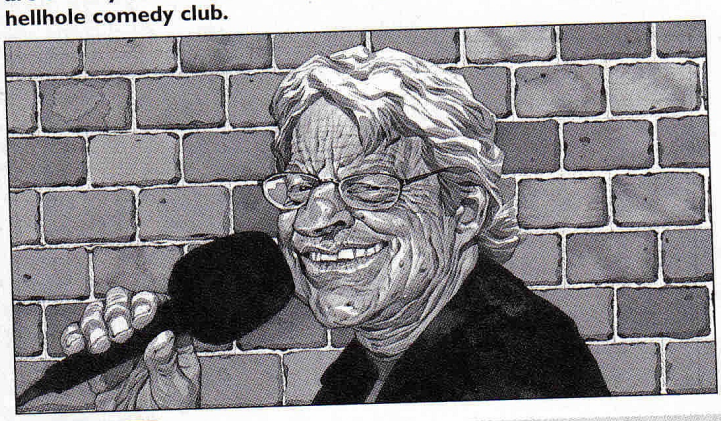
If you've seen our previous entries in this series, you know we've been exploding the fairy tale that TV talk shows are unplanned, anything-goes, unrehearsed entertainments, and are in fact deliberate, micromanaged boredom factories! We've already exposed Jay Leno, David Letterman and Bill O'Reilly. Now, we turn to mid-day programming as...

MAD De TVTalkS

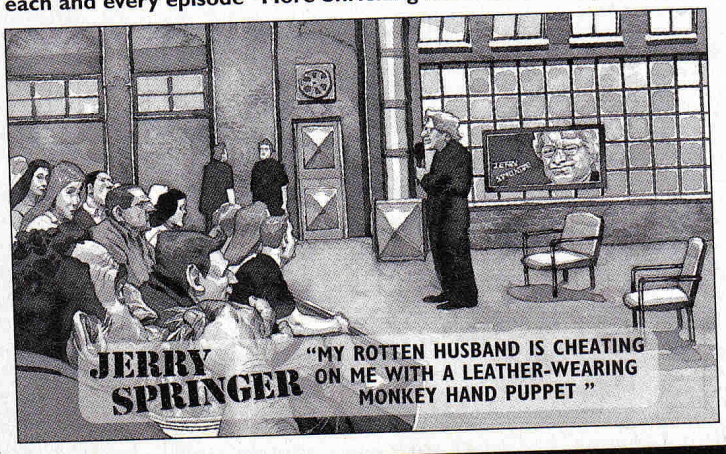
11:00 The audience lustily chants, "JERRY! JERRY! JERRY!" The constant repetition helps to remind them where they are.



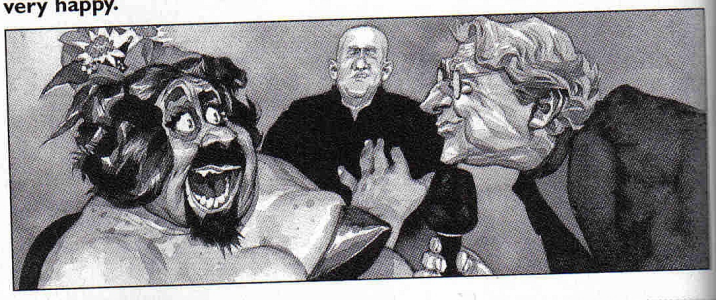
11:02 The red brick wall, the bad improv, the tired premise, the hooting audience: all that's missing are the dry $8.95 chicken wings and you've got yourself another hellhole comedy club.



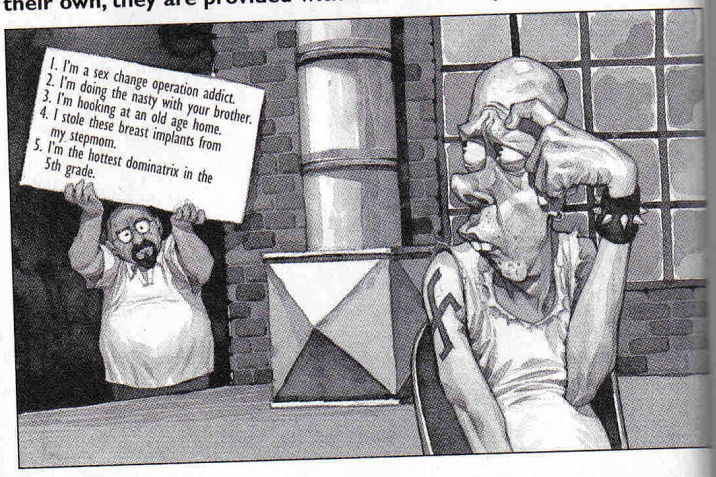
11:03 Jerry introduces today's elaborate, sentence-long show title, whether it's "I Want You to Fess Up Now, and Admit You're My Bastard Child's True Babydaddy," or "If You Don't Lose 200 Pounds, I'm Gonna Dump Your Chicken Butt and Start Humping a Family of Midget Acrobats." Needless to say, they could save themselves some time in the writing meetings by just calling each and every episode "More Shrieking from the Monkey House."



11:05 The first guest sits down and tells their sob story. They're full of pride over something that any decent person would be ashamed of. Jerry pretends to be caring, when he's really out to exploit them. The human misery makes the audience very happy.



11:10 The show gets to the nitty-gritty: the BIG REVELATION. If the guest doesn't have a Big Revelation of their own, they are provided with one from the producers' checklist.



11:17 There's always a second guest waiting backstage, who "hasn't been told yet why they were invited on the show." The audience sees them in an isolation booth. However, it's a little hard to feel sorry for someone who thinks maybe they're going on *The Jerry Springer Show* to receive good news. It's kind of like getting a registered letter from the I.R.S. and saying, "Oooh, vacation photos!"



econstructs shows

THIS MONTH: JERRY SPRINGER

11:20 Once again, the backstage guest rockets out of the chute like a crazed rodeo bronco. This is so unplanned and impromptu that big bald Steve and the rest of the security force have already moved in and taken up positions before any bogus hooker slap-fights can ensue. Despite the screaming and gesturing, you get more actual violence from a Mike Tyson weigh-in.



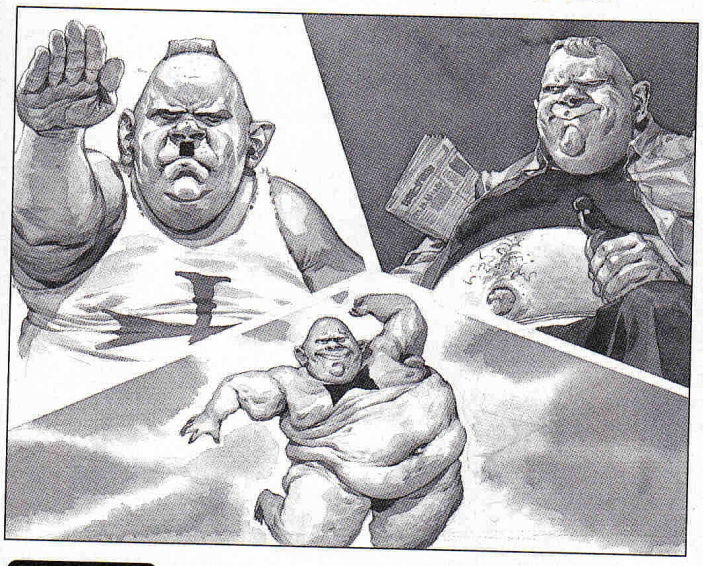
11:24 The obligatory strings of curses begin, all of which get bleeped out. It's okay to end a marriage on national TV by breaking the news to the unsuspecting wife that her husband is having a sex change to be with her father. But please, language! Language! After all, there are crack babies watching.



11:28 Jerry lets people scream, threaten, name-call and make vile accusations until they start repeating themselves and get boring. Then, he steps in to play peacemaker.



11:31 Right about now, non-medicated viewers notice that the Nazi skinhead on today's *Springer* show was the deadbeat dad on last Thursday's *Maury*, and the amateur male stripper on *Ricki Lake* a week before that. How do these frauds sneak onto Jerry's program over and over? Frankly, there are only so many obese transvestites who are willing to dance on TV, and the show burned through all the legit ones by 1995. So, let's just say that the Springer producers "double-check" their guests' credentials with the same level of diligence that U.S. Immigration uses to double-check suicide terrorists' visas.



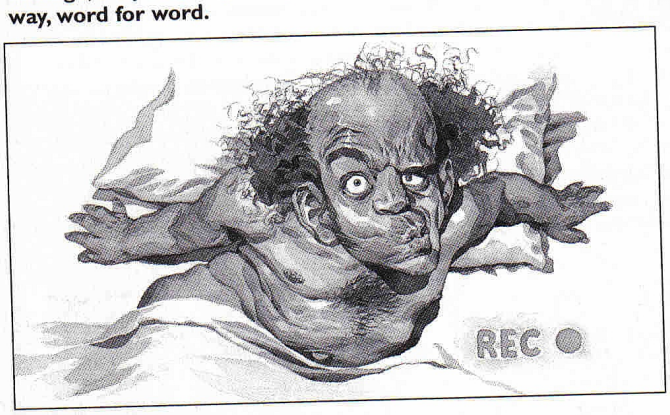
11:35 Text appears on the bottom of the TV screen under each guest's face and gets updated as they say things. This is a valuable feature for viewers with unbelievably brief attention spans.



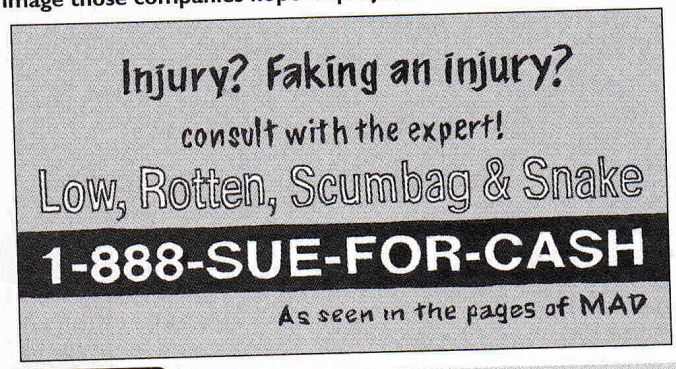
ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

THIS MONTH: JERRY SPRINGER

11:39 A special filmed preview of an ex-spouse, ex-lover or ex-hibitionist, all alone and "spontaneously erupting" at a video camera. They behave as if the camera's the one who was doin' the backdoor lovin' with their no-good lyin' dawg of a roommate. I hate you, camera! I hate you! It's good practice, though, because as soon as the person comes onstage, they're going to "spontaneously erupt" the exact same way, word for word.



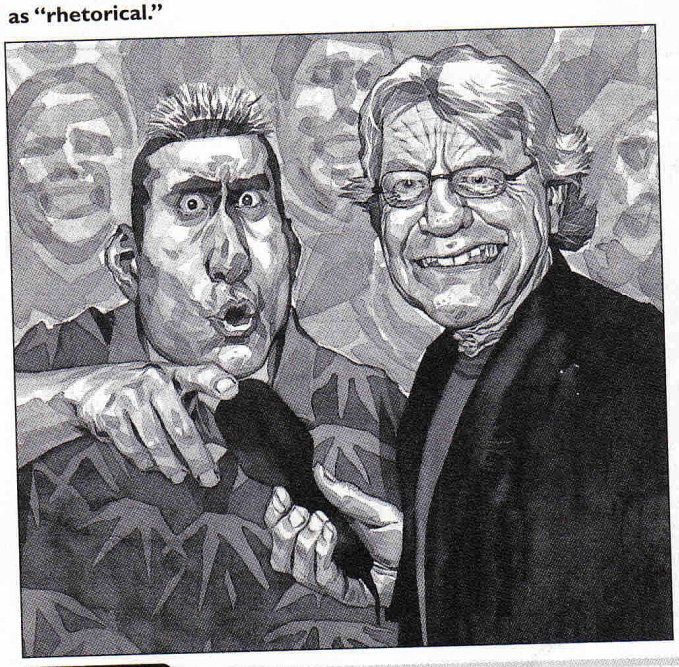
11:44 Between segments, home viewers see ads for high school equivalency diplomas, bargain-basement legal aid for people who aren't sure whether they've been hurt or injured, prescription drugs, scam insurance, training programs for menial labor, and government property seizure auctions. But the advertisers for collectible coins, novelty singing fish and psychic hotlines won't buy ad time. The *Springer* demographic is a little too "low rent" for the sort of classy image those companies hope to project.



11:46 In case anyone missed the first set of guests, they herd out fresh freaks and repeat the identical routine four more times.



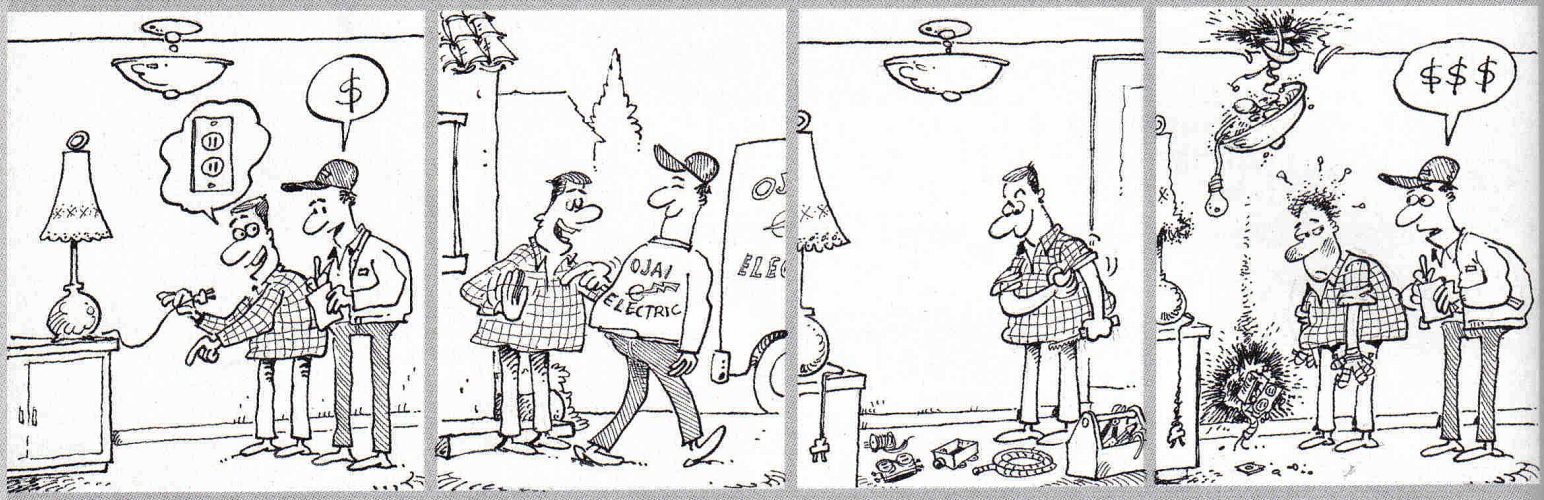
11:50 The audience gets to pepper the puffy-eyed hicks with questions of their own. However, the standard inquiry ranges from "Would you give that fruit loop a lap dance?" to "Why don't you wash yo' skanky ass and maybe you could keep yo' man?" The great philosophers, from Socrates to Kant, categorize these kinds of questions as "rhetorical."



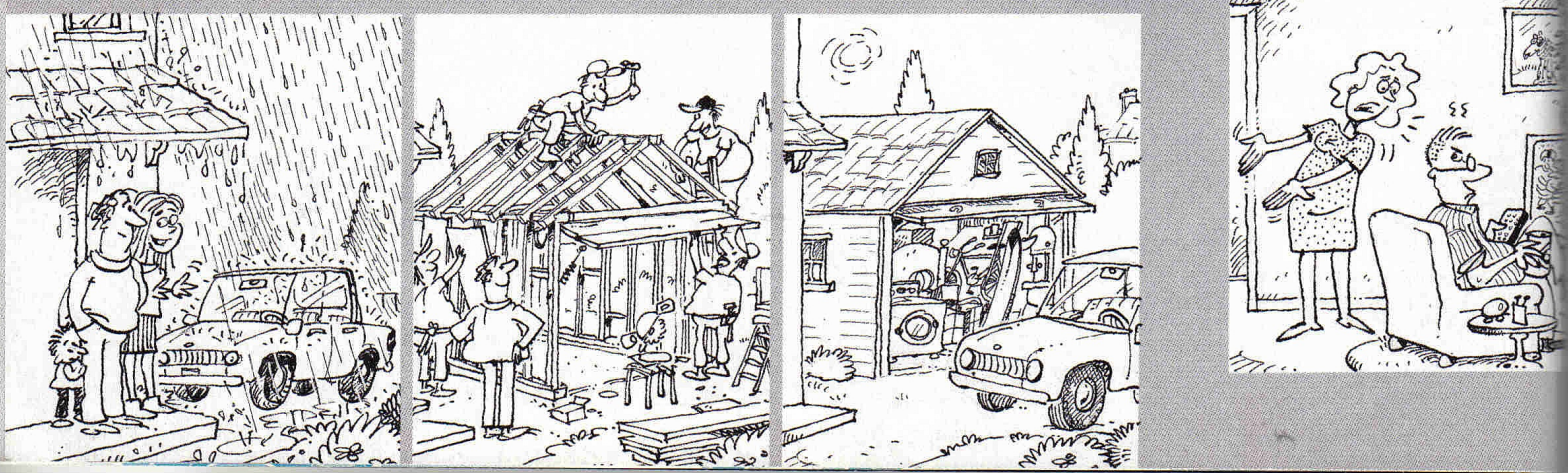
11:58 A subdued Jerry sits alone on the stage, offering his "Final Thought." He wants his viewers to understand that succumbing to vicious and hateful miscommunication is counterproductive to living a happy life. And it's only to HELP them understand this that the first 49/50ths of his show is dedicated to showcasing that vicious and hateful miscommunication. Of course, he doesn't mention how dysfunctional scream-fests have enabled hosts like himself, Montel, Ricki and Maury to have exceptionally happy lives. The important thing is that viewers leave knowing that Jerry Springer will go on fighting for morals, civility and love as hard as he can, every single day, for one full minute.



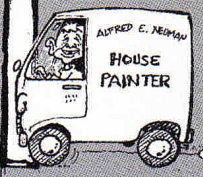
A MAD LOOK AT HOME







IMPROVEMENT



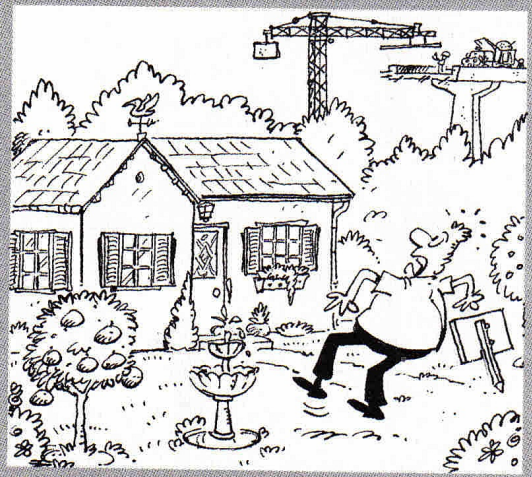


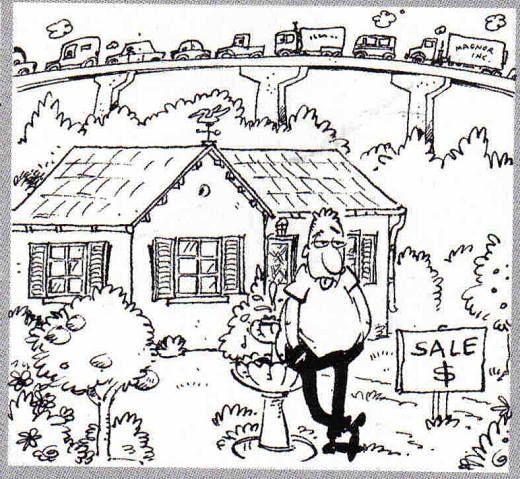








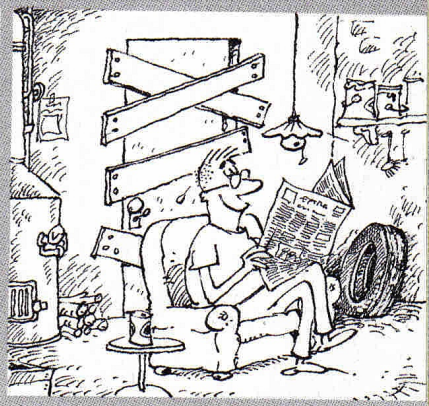






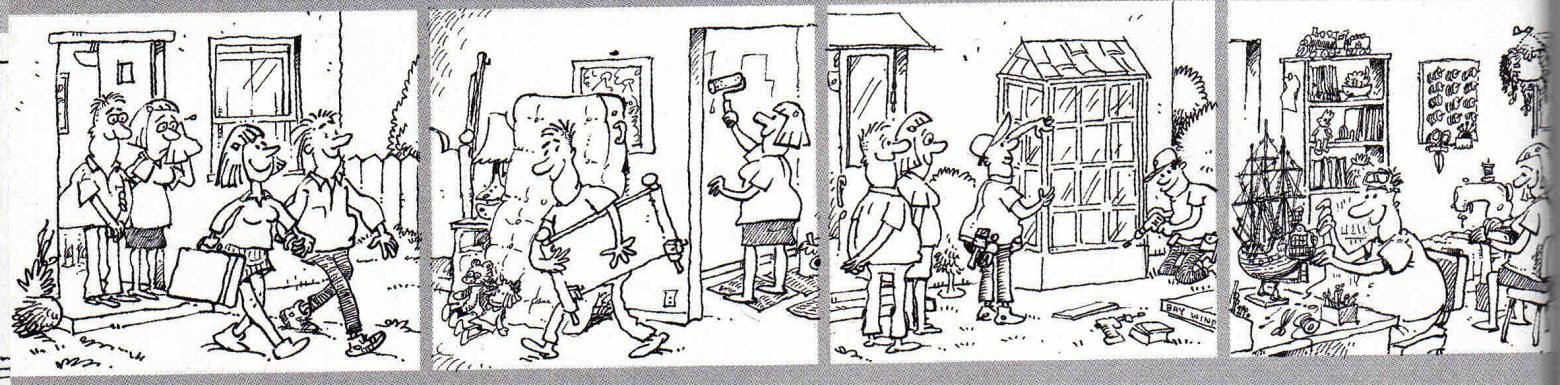


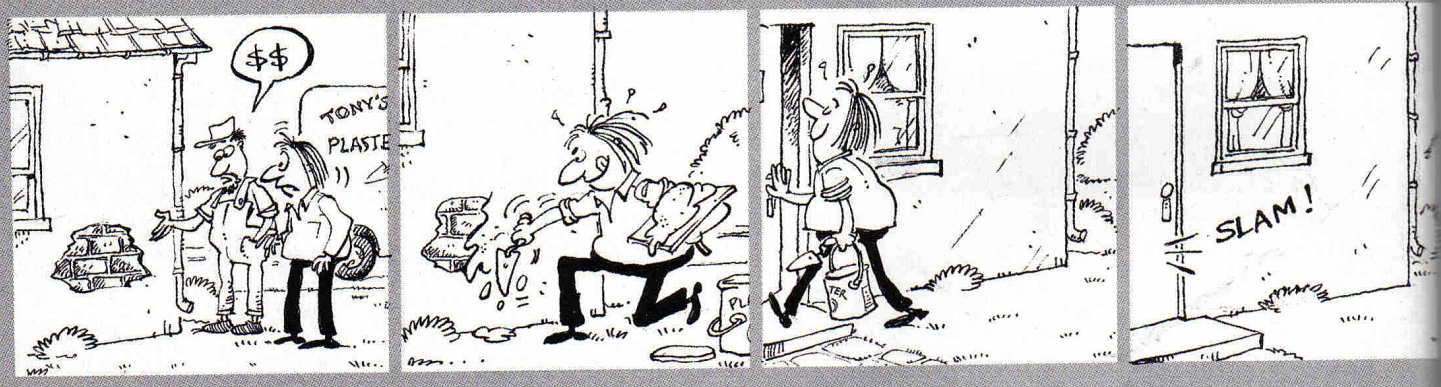




ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES


$$
PAINT R' US
$
PAINT R' US




$$
TONY'S PLASTE
SLAM!


LUMBER
BROOOM
TATARI TARA
HONK!
BROOTZ







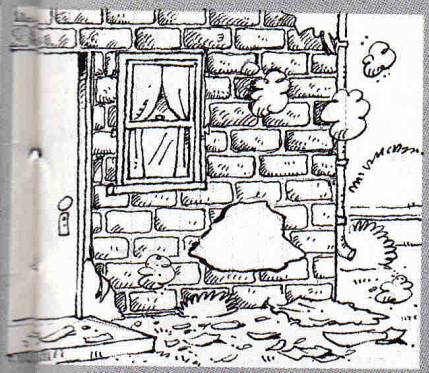

RUGS
$$$$




SQUEEK
SQUEEK




SQUEEK!









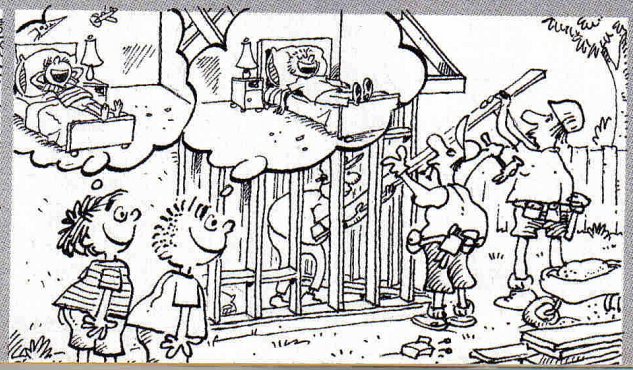

DAVID ALKON
ARCHITECT
LANDSCAPES

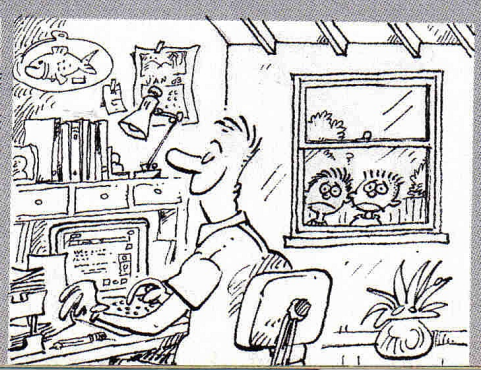


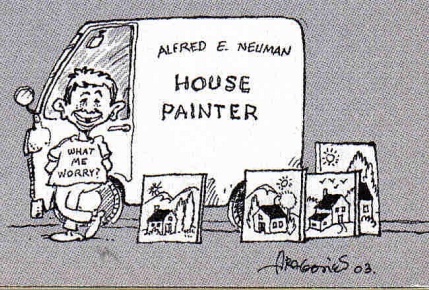



CHIRP!
CHIRP!
Piii
Piii
CROAK
CROAK
CRI-CRI
CRI-CRI
& CROAK
CHIRP-
CHIRP
HOO
HOOO
HOO








ALFRED E. NEUMAN
HOUSE
PAINTER
WHAT ME WORRY?

In the last few years, it seems like everything around us has become sponsored by corporations. There's nothing as exciting as going to the Staples Center box office to pick up tickets for the Jeep Music Festival, unless you're taking in a ball game at Tropicana Field! Pretty soon, we won't be able to go anywhere that doesn't have a corporate handle! For that fateful day, here's MAD's handy guide to let you know...

WHEN CORPORATE OUT OF

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT becomes...



PHOTO: CORBIS

THE GRAND CANYON becomes...

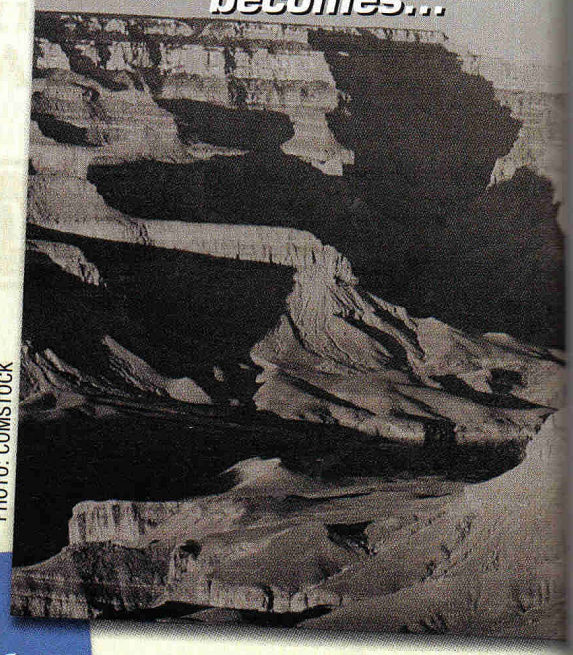
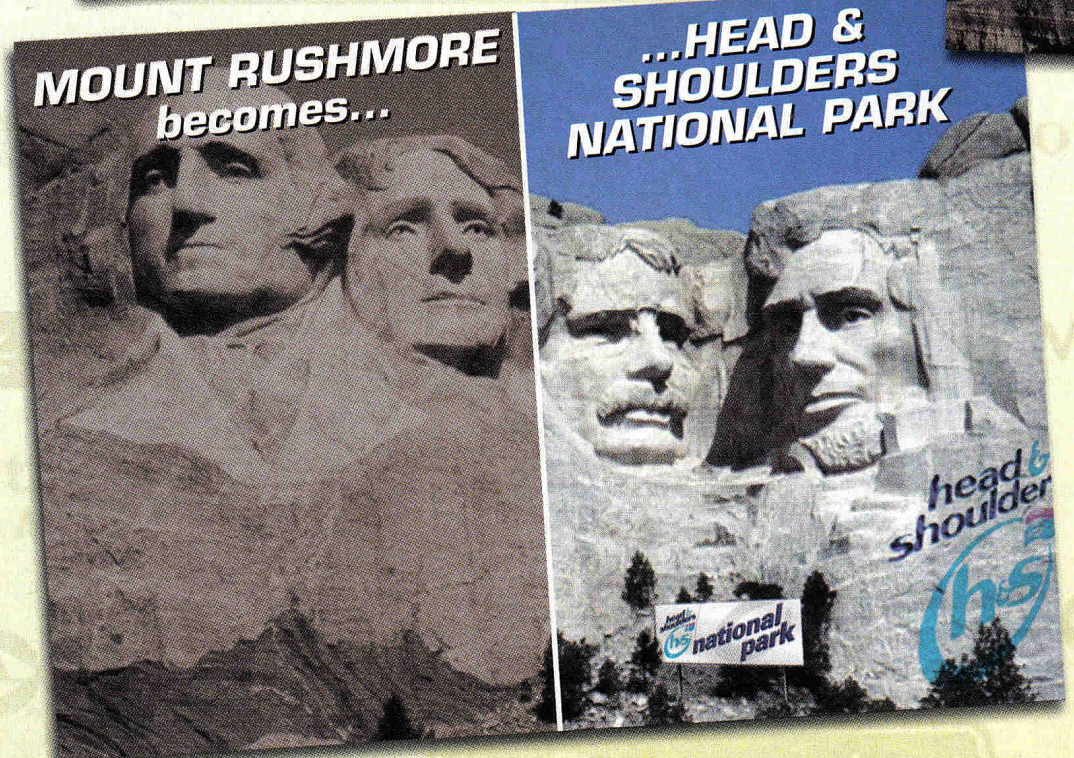


PHOTO: COMSTOCK

MOUNT RUSHMORE becomes...



JFK'S TOMB becomes...

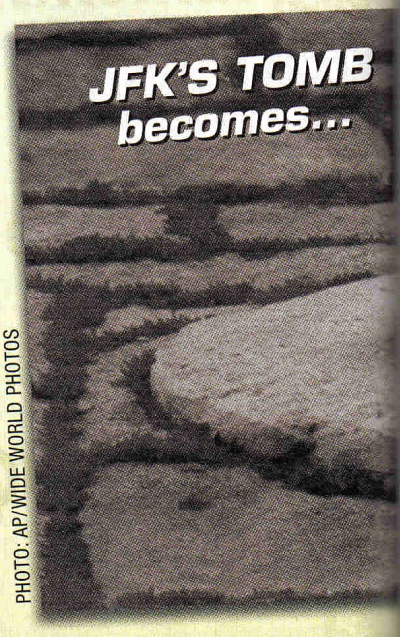


PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



NAMING GETS CONTROL

PHOTO: CORBIS

WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

Pack up the plates, we're bombing the place. It's...

MONROE and...



ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

THE EXTERMINATORS




BONO
WOW! LOOK AT ALL COLLEEN'S STUFF! MAN, THIS CHICK IS INTO U2! WHOA! A DIARY!
DAMN, IT ACCIDENTALLY GOT PRIED OPEN!
PRY
"...DEAR DIARY, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THE LITTLE FREAK WHO LIVES ACROSS TOWN. ALL MY FRIENDS THINK I'M CRAZY BUT I STILL THINK HE'S KINDA CUTE, IN A LITTLE FREAK SORTA WAY..."
DIARY
YAHOO!
I'M A CUTE LITTLE FREAK!
UH OH!
OPEN!
CLICK!
YAH. I MET HIM AT THE LEARNIN' CENTER. HE'S TAKIN' CHINESE COOKIN' CLASSES.
WAIT A SECOND! WALTER? HE'S "THE CUTE LITTLE FREAK"?
COME AGAYN? WAIT, WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN? YE WERE IN MY DIARY!
NO, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LIKE YOUR NAME ON MY FOOT! I MEAN...
GIT OUTTA MY ROOM!
FINE! I HOPE YOU AND WALTER ARE HAPPY TOGETHER. AND U2 HASN'T DONE ANYTHING GOOD SINCE "UNFORGETTABLE FIRE"!
THAT'S IT THEN!
SWING!!
WAK
THEY'RE GONE!
HERE'S A NOTE.
"DEAR HUMAN GARBAGE FAMILY, WE DIDN'T TAKE YOUR VALUABLES BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY. NOT ONE. THANKS FOR WASTING OUR TIME. YOU ALL SUCK. SIGNED, THE EXTERMINATORS."
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? FINALLY IT PAYS OFF TO BE WORTHLESS!
THE DAY WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS, WE GOT A NICE FAMILY VISIT OUT OF IT.
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS SATISFIED IN MONTHS!
I HEAR THAT!
SURE, THAT WAS A GREAT WAY TO SPEND A SATURDAY.
SMACK!!


MONROE. HOW AYRE YA?
I'M GREAT, COLLEEN. YOUR ENGLISH HAS GOTTEN REAL GOOD.
YAH. I'VE BEEN TAKIN' NIGHT CLASSES AT THE LEARNIN' CENTER.
SO, UH, YOU EVER THINK ABOUT ME?
IT'S FOONY. I WAS JEST THINKIN' ABOUT YE.
IS THAT RIGHT?
YAH. YER FRIENDLY WITH THAT CUTE LITTLE FREAK WALTER AYREN'T YE?
WALTER!?!
I THINK EVERYONE BETTER COME SEE THIS.
A RASH OF BURGLARIES IN THE AREA HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO THESE TWO CON ARTISTS WHO, POSING AS EXTERMINATORS, TENT A HOUSE AND REMOVE ALL ITS VALUABLES.
BACK IN THE CAR!
SHE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER, BUSTER.
IT WAS SHORT BUT SWEET.
THANKS FOR THE HELP, MA'AM!
AND THANK YOU -- FOR SHOWING ME THE HIGH BAND ON THE CABLE!
CALL ON ME IF YOU EVER NEED SERVICING AT HOME.
COUNT ON IT.
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?
I THINK LITTLE COLLEEN BROKE HIS HEART.
MORE LIKE MY RIBS. I THINK I HAVE INTERNAL BLEEDING.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR FIGHTING WITH THE IRISH.
YOU LITTLE FREAK!
NO! WALTER'S THE LITTLE FREAK! THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
HUSH HUSH. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SWEETIE. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE FREAK TO US. ALWAYS.
ABSOLUTELY! HE'S MORE FREAK THAN BOY TO ME!
UM... THANKS? THAT'S JUST GREAT!
Bill Wray

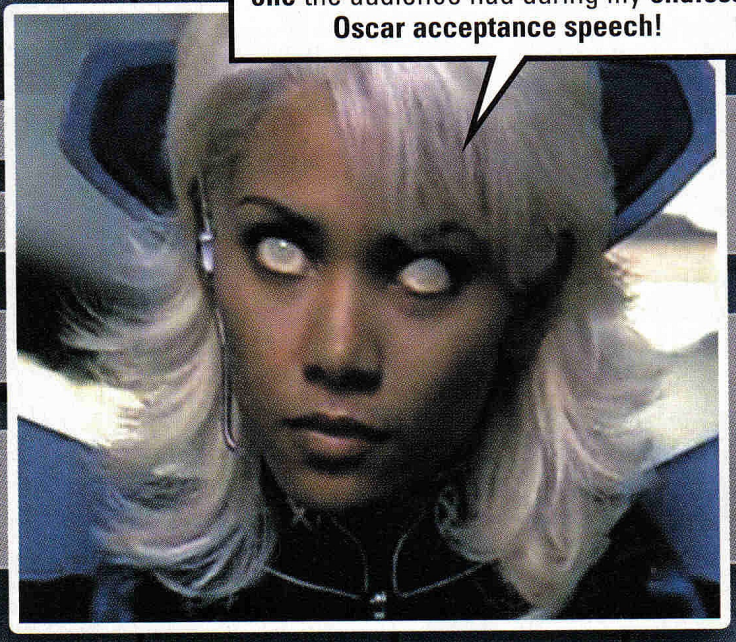
MAD's GENETICALLY-ALTERED

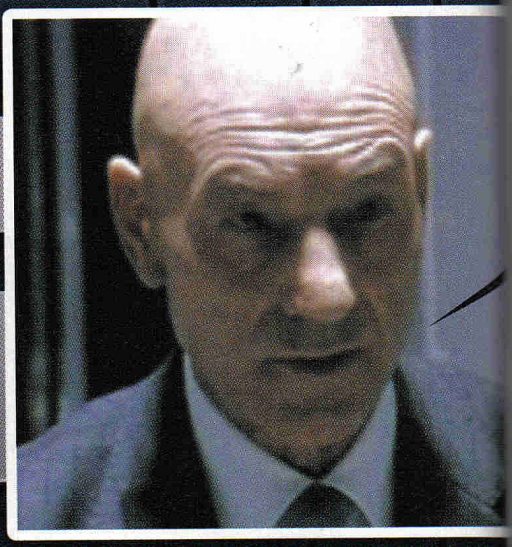


But wait! There's more! Order **the Uncanny X-Men Pasta Pot** and you'll also **receive** this set of **lifetime-guaranteed kitchen knives!**

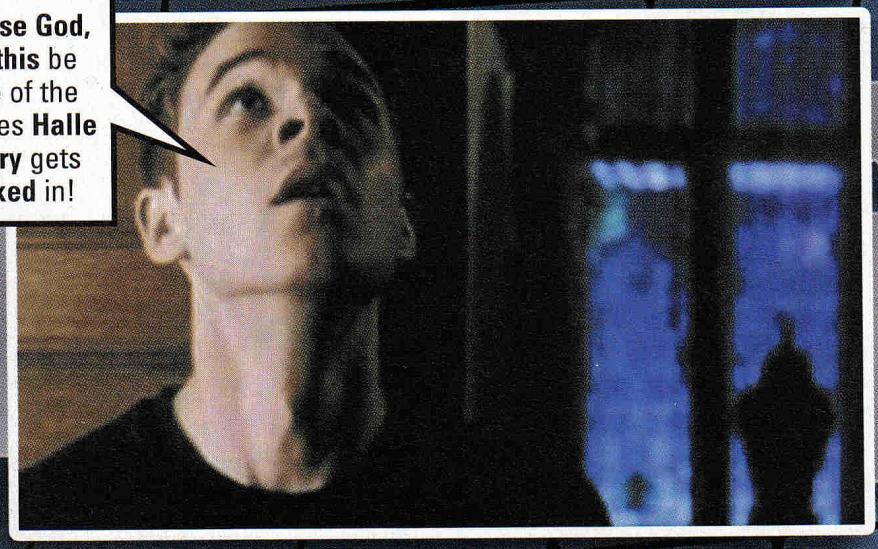


This **glazed look** in my eyes is **the same one** the audience had during my **endless Oscar acceptance speech!**



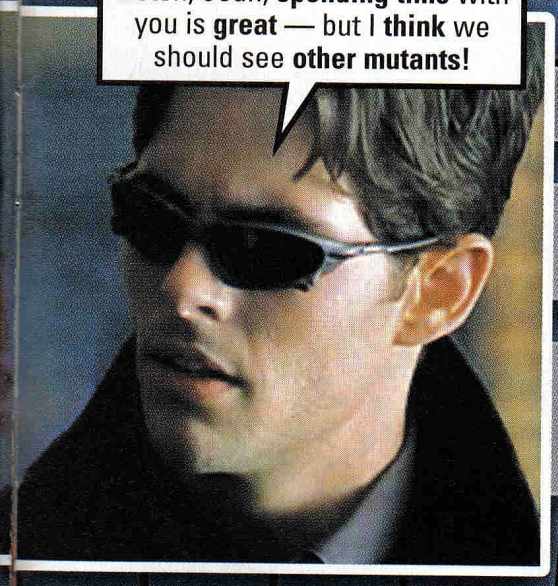


Please God, let **this** be one of the movies **Halle Berry** gets **naked** in!

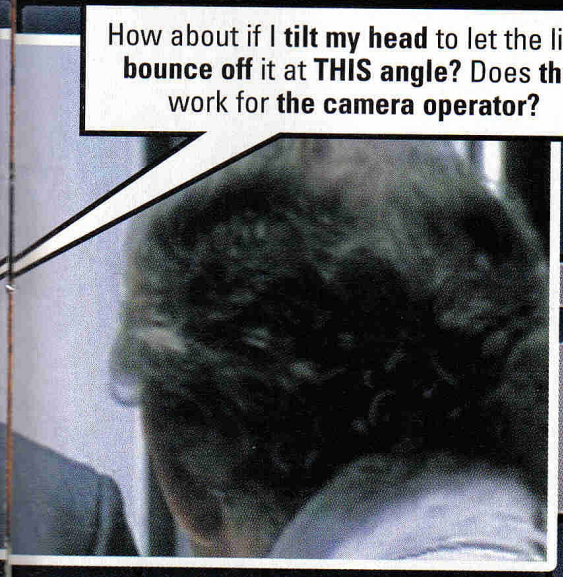




OUTTAKES FROM X2

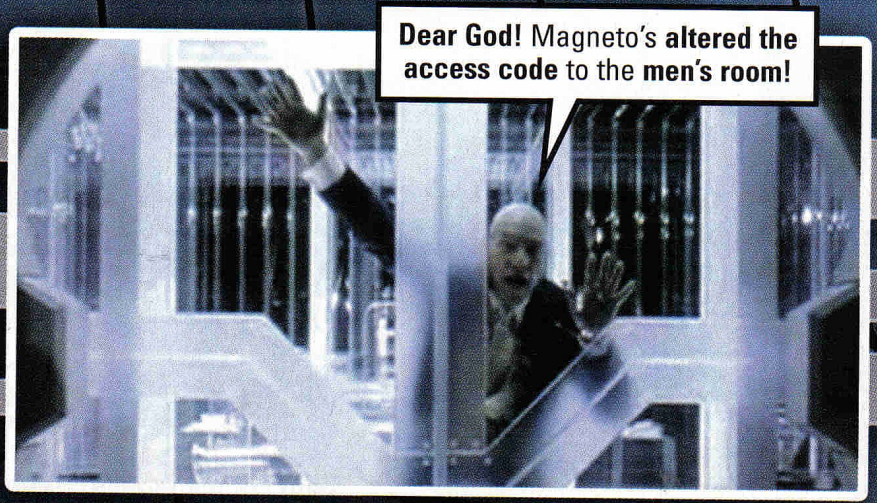










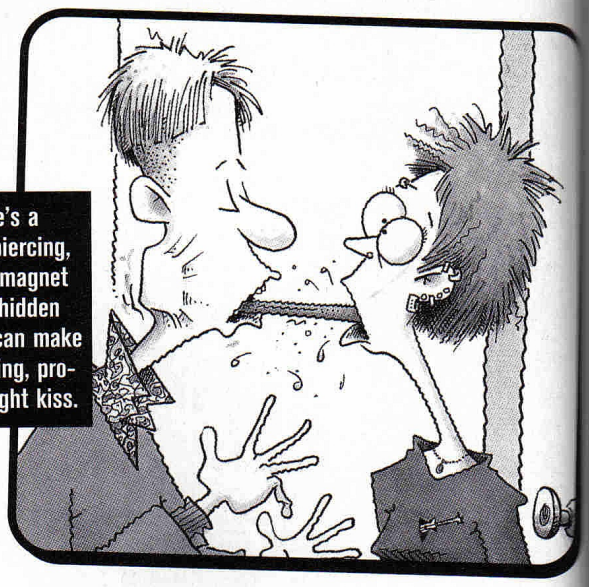


WRITER: GREG LEITMAN

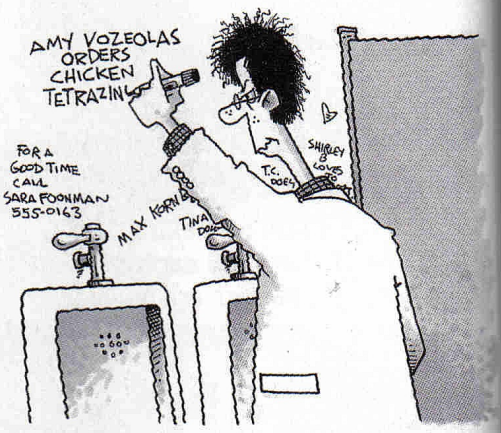
Dating is hard — and nothing is harder than that first date. The self-consciousness, the clumsy gestures, the awkward silence...and it only gets worse after you arrive at her house! Sure, that first night out is a rough start, but the longest journey begins with the first step. And hopefully, you'll be able to avoid stepping in something foul if you read...

MAD'S FIELD-TESTED TIPS FOR YOUR FIRST date

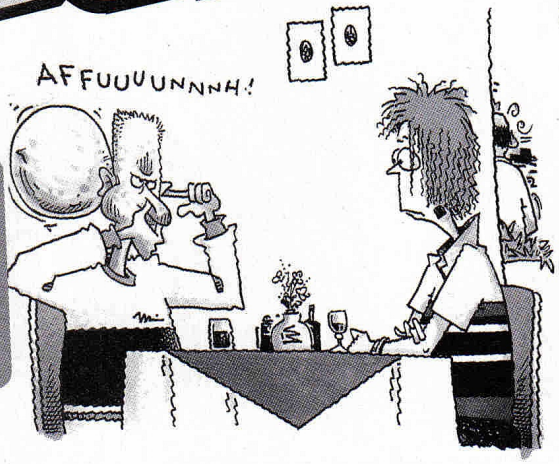
If your date's a proponent of piercing, a refrigerator magnet strategically hidden in your mouth can make for an interesting, prolonged good night kiss.



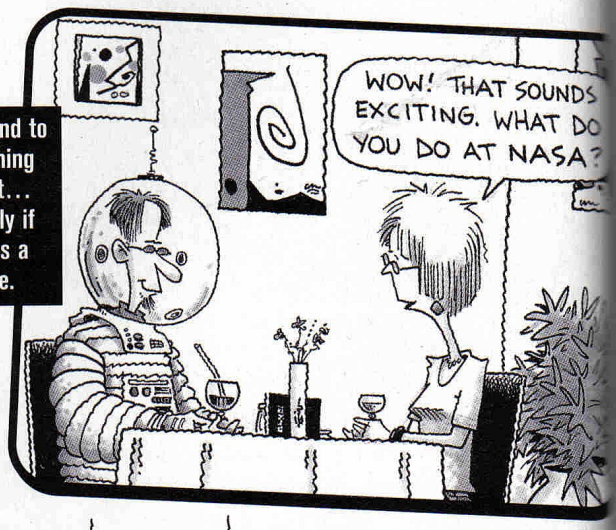
As far as men's room graffiti is concerned, it's a good idea to wait until your date is actually over before committing your words to plaster.



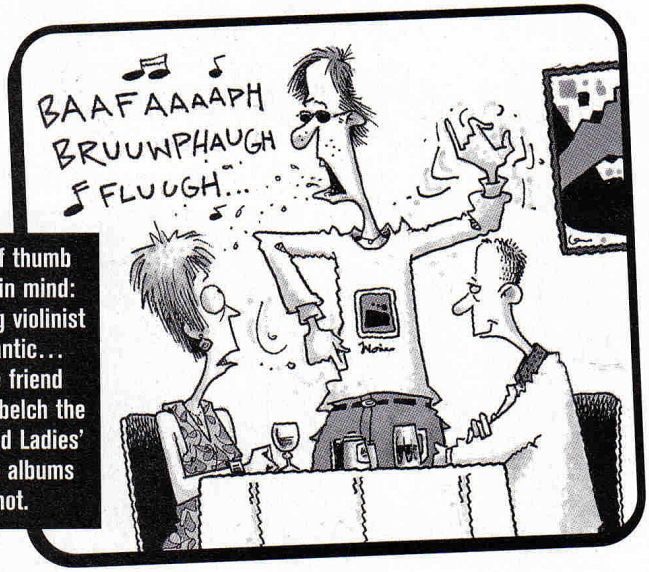
There are many ways to turn the subject around to sex. "Stupid condom tricks" is not the most effective.



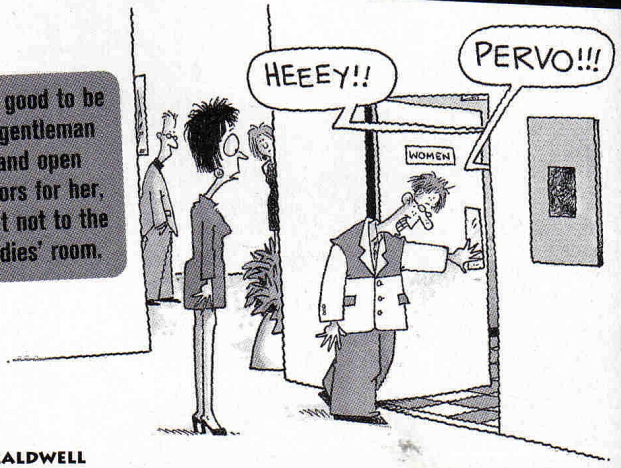
Don't pretend to be something you're not... particularly if it involves a costume.



A rule of thumb to keep in mind: a strolling violinist is romantic... a close friend who can belch the Barenaked Ladies' last two albums is not.



It's good to be a gentleman and open doors for her, just not to the ladies' room.



ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

If you arrive early, always wait patiently for her to finish dressing. But not in a tree outside her bedroom window.

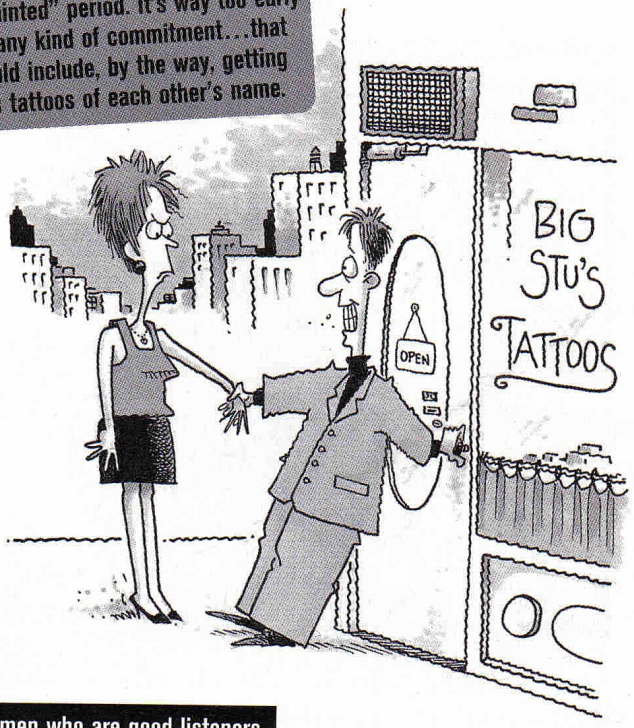
If you plan on trying to impress her by ordering in French, make an effort to dine at a French restaurant.



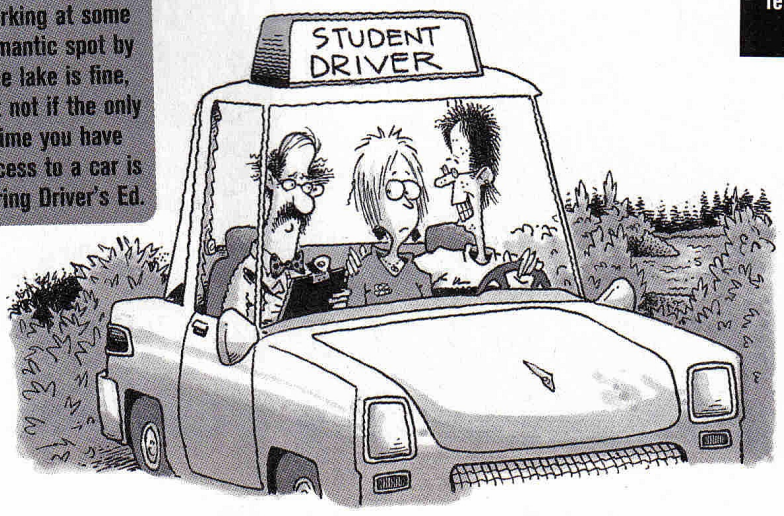
During the course of the evening, never begin a sentence with, "in the immortal words of Joey Buttafuoco..."



Realize that a first date is a "getting acquainted" period. It's way too early for any kind of commitment...that would include, by the way, getting ass tattoos of each other's name.



Talking her into parking at some romantic spot by the lake is fine, but not if the only time you have access to a car is during Driver's Ed.



Women love men who are good listeners. If you can fake that by nodding every few seconds, you'll be left with plenty of time to picture her naked.





ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER


BOINK!
KICK!
GLUE
?
!


SPY
KUPER

THINGS THAT YOU'LL REVIEW

Let's face it: your parents may mean well, but they're clueless. Clueless about the things you learn at school, clueless about how you spend your free time and clueless about what you really like. And nowhere is their gross ineptitude more on display than when it comes to video games. As far as they're concerned, computer solitaire features cutting-edge graphics and a blend of intense action gaming with strategy! So when your birthday present turns out to be a brand new game, be prepared to be disappointed, and don't be surprised with these...

"**Improved graphics** make it **a snap** to distinguish between **Reverends Falwell** and **Robertson!**"

"In **more advanced stages,** the game moves **so fast** you'll probably have to **limit yourself** to **only three Bingo cards**..."

"...and by **Level Three**, the **yodeling** may prove **too intense** for **younger gamers.**"

"...gives you **the option to role-play** as Federal Reserve Chairman **Alan Greenspan** on a **well-earned** day of **antiquing**..."

"**State-of-the-art graphics** make you **believe** you're **actually folding in** the **egg whites!**"

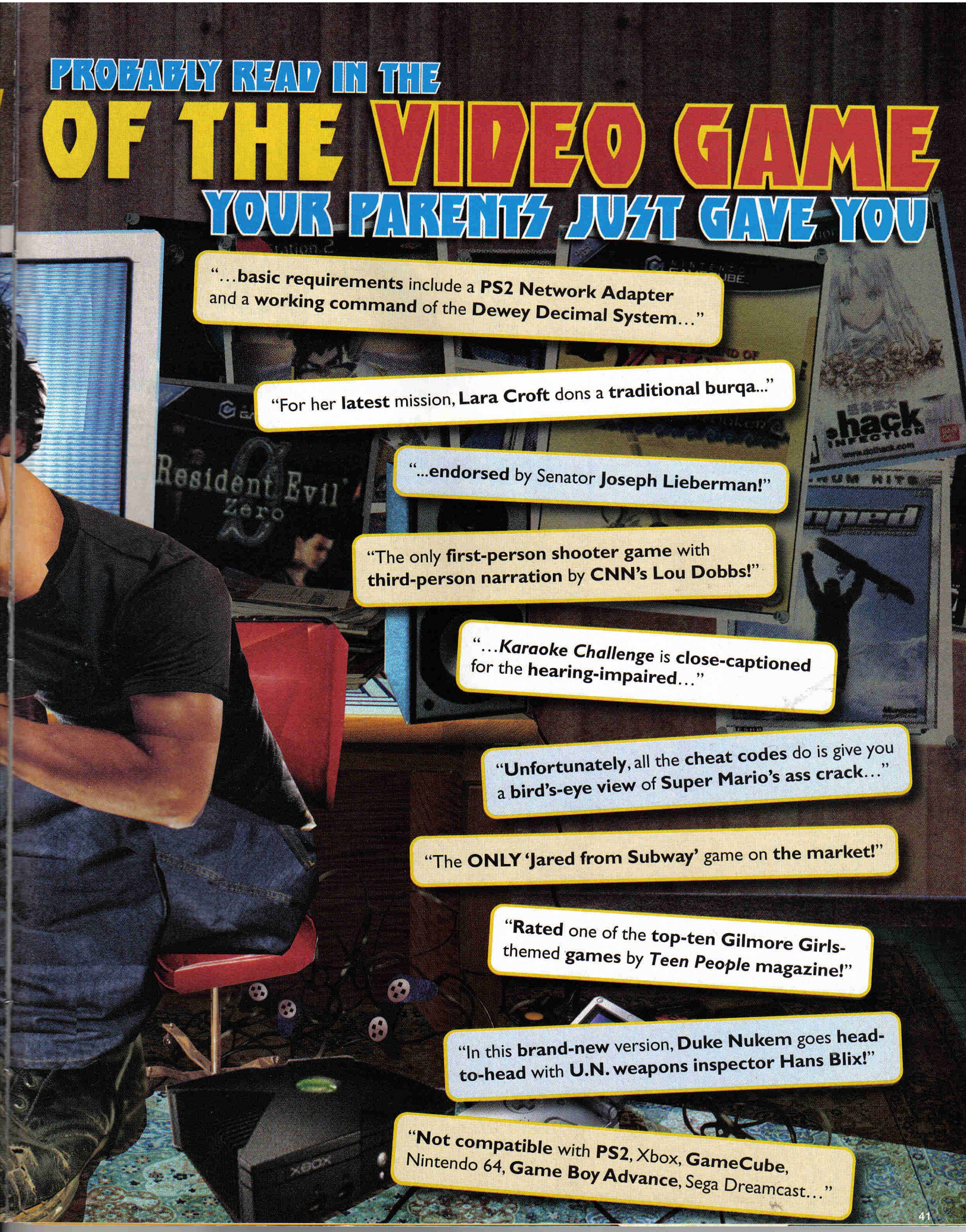
"...awesome **parallel parking** simulation!"

"After **20 minutes** of play, you'll **believe** you really **ARE** one of the **Three Tenors!**"

"**Not based** on the **action movie block-buster**, but rather, on an obscure **Alfred Lord Tennyson poem** of the **same name**..."

ARTIST: TOM NICK COCOTOS — WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

PROBABLY READ IN THE OF THE VIDEO GAME YOUR PARENTS JUST GAVE YOU



"...**basic requirements** include a **PS2 Network Adapter** and a **working command** of the **Dewey Decimal System**..."

"For her **latest** mission, **Lara Croft** dons a **traditional burqa**..."

"...**endorsed** by Senator **Joseph Lieberman!**"

"The only **first-person shooter game** with **third-person narration** by **CNN's Lou Dobbs!**"

"...***Karaoke Challenge*** is **close-captioned** for the **hearing-impaired**..."

"**Unfortunately**, all the **cheat codes** do is give you a **bird's-eye view** of **Super Mario's ass crack**..."

"The **ONLY 'Jared from Subway'** game on **the market!**"

"**Rated** one of the **top-ten Gilmore Girls**-themed **games** by ***Teen People*** **magazine!**"

"In this **brand-new** version, **Duke Nukem** goes **head-to-head** with **U.N. weapons inspector Hans Blix!**"

"**Not compatible** with **PS2**, Xbox, **GameCube**, Nintendo 64, **Game Boy Advance**, Sega Dreamcast..."

MAD's 2003 Spring Break COURSE SELECTION

A special note from the editors of MAD to concerned parents of college students:

MAD

Moms and dads:

If you watched any of the grinding, drinking, shrieking, puking, sweating, howling, drooling, chugging, groping, flaunting, crashing, hitching, flashing, slamming TV specials and reports from Spring Break last month, you might get the idea that America's students have nothing on their mind except the next "best buns" contest. Nothing could be further from the truth! Your sons and daughters traveled south to continue their studies while school was not in session! At Spring Break, their thirst is for knowledge, and their hunt is for the pleasures of intellectual interaction with like-minded students! You'll believe us after perusing...

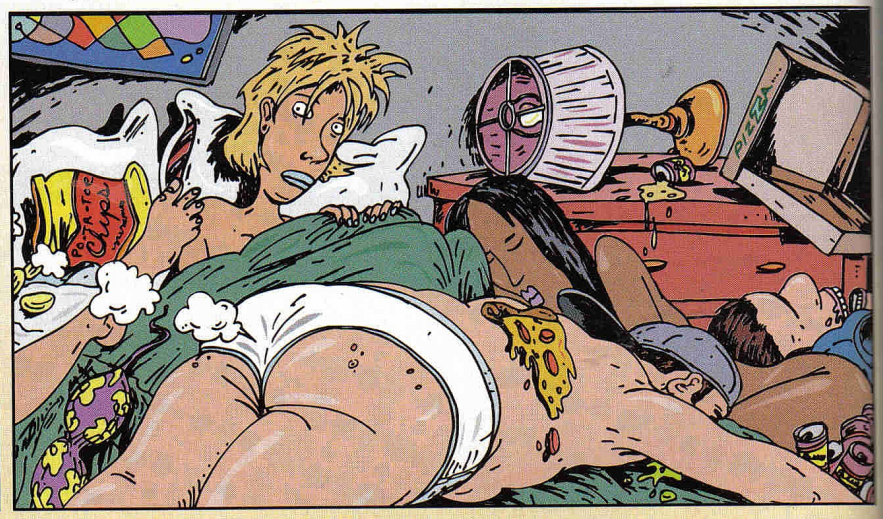
ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES

By the end of a week in a shared motel room, the cleaning service will encounter a pyramid of empty beer cans built by the 20 students who stayed there to rival anything constructed by the ancient Egyptians.



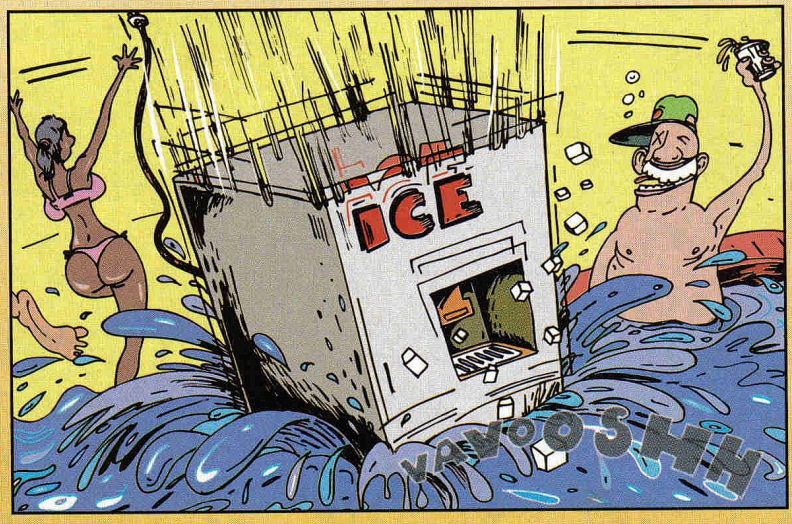
PRINCIPLES OF JOURNALISM

Many of the five W's are studied when coeds wake up in an unfamiliar room, look at the naked frat boy passed out across their legs, and ask, "Who? What? Where? When? Why?"



PHYSICS 101

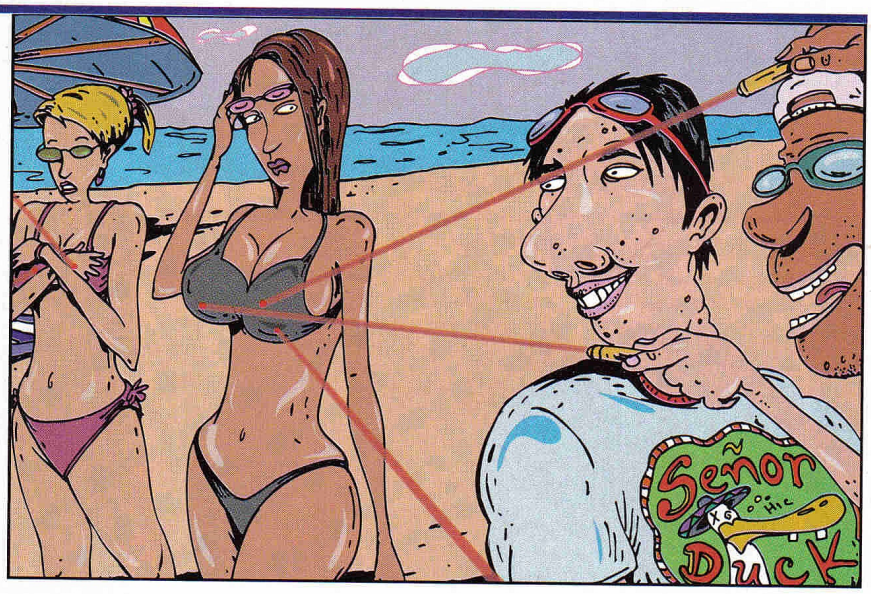
Spring Break allows students to perform the kinds of hands-on experiments that can't be done in a campus lab. Such as, precisely how much H_2O is displaced from a standing body of water when its surface is broken by an ice machine chucked off the 14th floor?



ak TIONS

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP

As a natural extension of the pioneering work of Thomas Edison, James Watt, Nikola Tesla, Charles Steinmetz, Alessandro Volta, Michael Faraday and others who dedicated their lives to science, participants use laser pens to shine red dots on girls' breasts.



SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES IN DEVIANT BEHAVIOR

Examining the thought process by which it's considered "fun" or "cool" to stand on a 6-inch-square spot under a blistering sun for 11 hours to "keep your place," all for the rich reward of spotting an MTV VJ who'll be fired in the next three months.



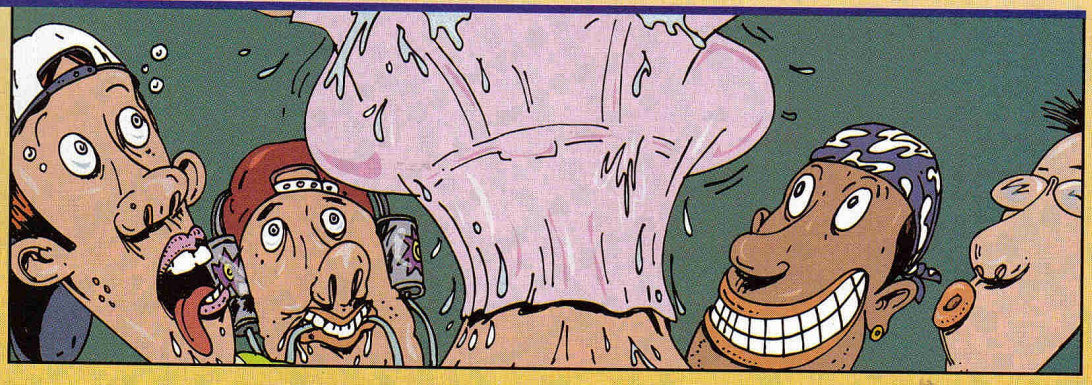
BASIC GEOMETRY

A "parabola" is the locus of a point moving in a plane such that its distances from a fixed point (or focus), and from a fixed straight line (or directrix), are equal. For a memorable demonstration of this dynamic, students chase undercooked buffalo wings and dollar beers with half a dozen rum shots.



PHYSIOLOGY AND CONDITIONED REFLEXES

The primary difference between the behavioral experiments conducted by Ivan Pavlov in the 1870s and the ones conducted during any Spring Break is that while Pavlov used a bell to make dogs drool, the same result is achieved when wet T-shirts are substituted.



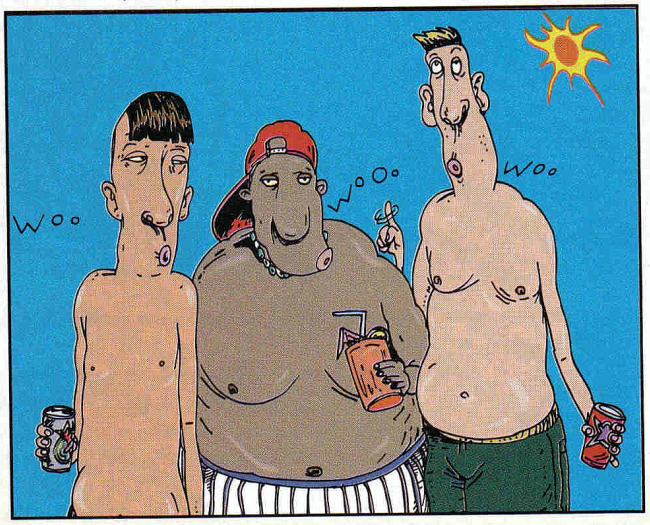


ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

MAD's 2003 Spring Break COURSE SELECTIONS

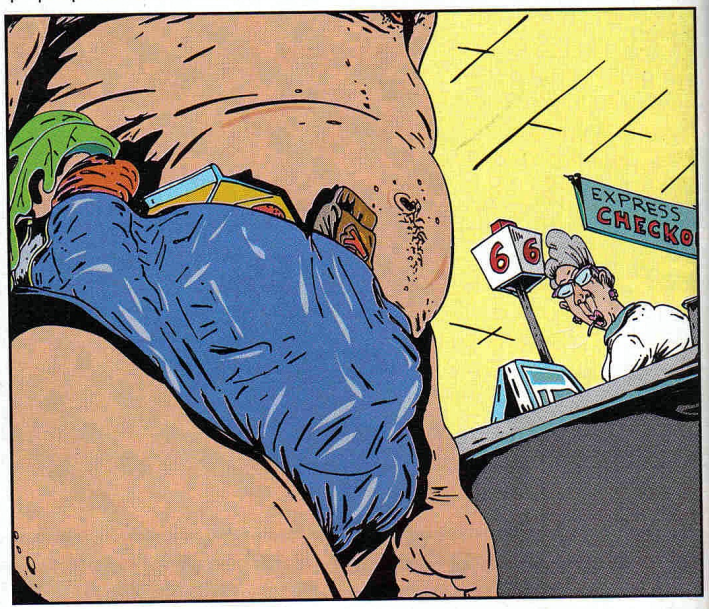
COMMUNICATION ARTS

A course in which students learn through field studies that every possible human concept may be expressed in a screeching "WOOOOOOOO!!!!!"



APPLIED CULINARY ARTS

Among the topics: learning how the four basic nutritional groups are theoretically represented in any bus depot vending machine, discussing which foods can be shoplifted inside a pair of Speedos without arousing suspicion, and the proper presentation of whipped cream on nipples in a social situation.



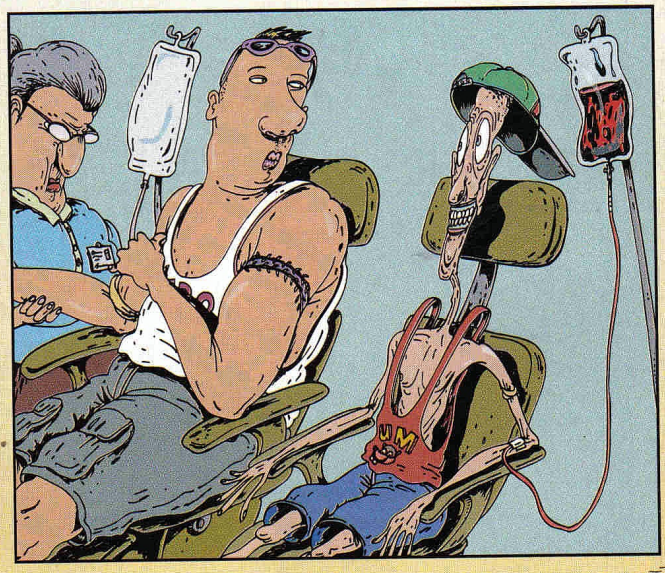
THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES: GREEK

A survey of some of the important Greek words students will become familiar with during their trip, including "chlamydia," "gonorrhea" and "herpes."



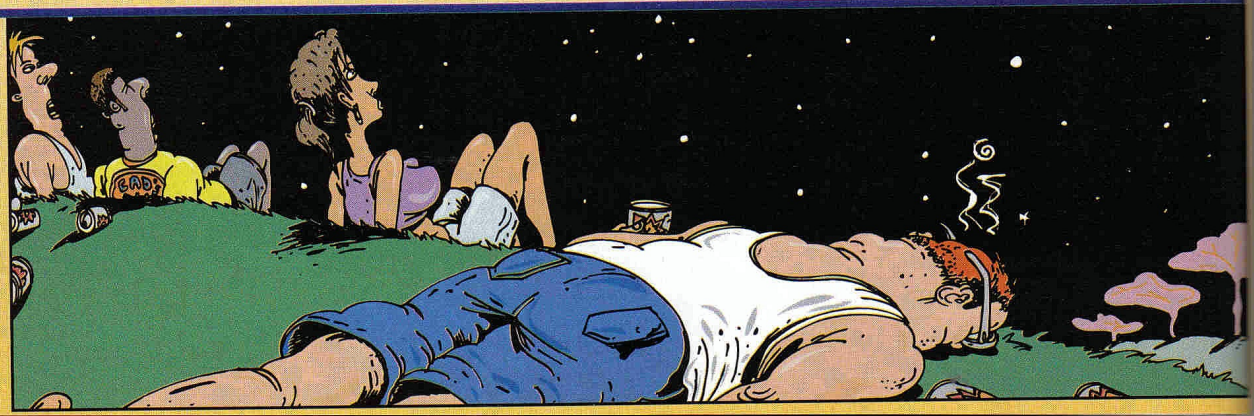
ADVANCED THEORY OF FINANCE

After their wallet, luggage and ride home disappear, students need to decide how many of their eight pints of blood they can afford to sell in order to get back home to Minneapolis.



INTRODUCTION TO MEDITATION

Students spend 4 to 10 hours emptying their minds and gazing towards the constellations. Unless they pass out face down.



Bad buffet food, expensive shows that really aren't that good, annoying and tacky tourists, oh, and the fact that you're going to lose your shirt at the one-armed bandits — these are all obvious things that will happen to you in Vegas. There are, however, other, less obvious occurrences that pretty much *guarantee* you'll have a crappy vacation! Here's...

Sure Bets In VEGAS

ARTIST: DANIEL GUIDERA
WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that you'll spend more time waiting in line for the buffet than you actually will dining.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the first $75 you'll lose will have been on a shopping bag full of "How To Beat the Odds" books you buy and study two weeks before your trip that you're sure will give you an edge over the multi-billion dollar casinos engineered solely to separate you from your money.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the $1.99 Filet Mignon special advertised on a plywood sidewalk easel *does* contain the meat of some sort of domesticated animal.

It's also a sure bet, however, that it's not a cow.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the number of selections available at the buffet you're dining at is dwarfed only by the quantity of bacteria incubating in the trays of congealed food that's spent the last six hours under a heatlamp being poked and prodded by the 1,200 diners who preceded you.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the bizarre, complicated ritual you employ for good luck has no bearing whatsoever on the cards you are dealt, the dice you roll or the slot machines you play.





It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the bedspread in your room at Caesar's Palace contains more DNA than the petri dish backstage at a Maury Povich "You're My Baby's Father and I Can Prove It!" episode.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that you'll be unable to redeem more that one coupon from the dozens you clip from the free Vegas "fun book" you picked up at the airport.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the chintzy commemorative cocktail glass filled with a quart of Kool-Aid and a thimbleful of rum that you blew 15 bucks on at the Excalibur will be the centerpiece of the "Your Choice — 25 Cents Each" table at your yard sale a year later.

And it's also a sure bet no one will buy it.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that from the time you order a drink from a cocktail waitress until she finally returns with it, your "complimentary" martini will have cost you upwards of 30 bucks in quarters.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that an assortment of co-workers, friends and relatives will give you $10 or more "to gamble for them." You'll lose it all, and they'll secretly think that whatever little money you did win was from the money they gave you.



It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that once you sober up, you'll think it wasn't such a hot idea to pay $35 for a cheap cotton t-shirt advertising the multi-billion dollar casino that just robbed you of $600.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that every forgotten '70s star with any sort of dubious link to music has headlined, is headlining, or soon will headline a show where the "talent" takes a back seat to the special effects.

HOUR GANG DEPT.

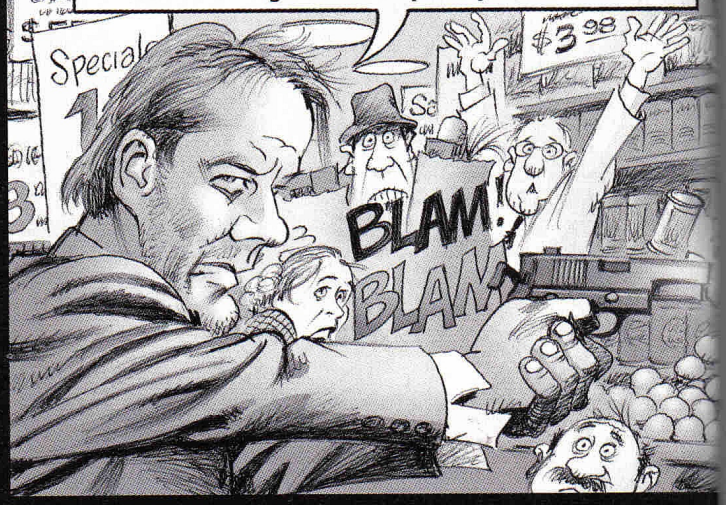
What a great idea! A TV show that covers just 24 hours of a single day. Each week fans see just one hour of the 24! Millions tune in! They're confronted by a huge cast! Multiple plots! Multiple subplots! Multiple images! Quick cuts! Five scenes jammed onto the small TV screen at the same time! Characters that look so much like each other, you don't know who's who! As the weeks go by, the audience gives up trying to figure out what the hell is going on, and for the final episode, how many people are actually still watching?

24 VIEWERS

The following takes place between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. PST or 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. MTN...or 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. CST...or 11 a.m. to noon EST. Overseas viewers — you're on your own!

I'm **Jerk Sour!** I **quit CTU** last season, but I'm **back!** It's **nerve-racking, dangerous work,** hunting down **spies!** Okay, I **admit** it, I'm a little **high-strung!** These people I'm **mowing down** in the supermarket aren't **spies,** but every one of them asked for **plastic** instead of a **paper bag!** I **hate it** when people **don't think** of the **environment!**

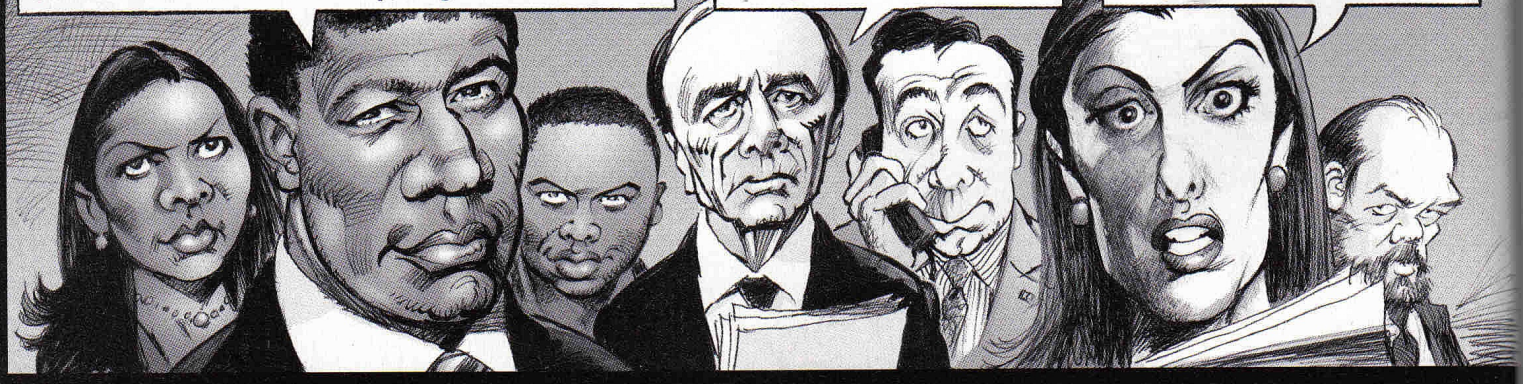
The **upside** of my **job** is that I get to **blow away anyone** I feel like! That, **plus** the **fact** that I only work **Tuesday nights** for **one really intense** hour a week! That leaves **6 days and 23 hours** to mellow out! Hell, if you **take out** time for the **commercials,** I only work **42 minutes** a **week!** 42 minutes work for a **full week's salary! Typical** of how the American **government spends** your **tax dollars!**



It's about **time** that a **black man** got to be **President! Finally,** a black man gets to **share** in **all the responsibilities** of the **White House!** Like those **white Presidents** who have gone **before** me, I get to **lie to the press, declare war** without consulting **Congress,** appoint **morons** to the **Supreme Court,** make **shady deals** with **big businesses,** have people **detained** on a whim...the list is **endless! Yep,** it's **good** to be **President!**

I'm Standin, President Calmer's **right-hand man!** I read **every communication** destined for the **President!** The ones **I** think are **unimportant,** he **never sees!** The ones **I think** are **good, I take credit** for!

I'm the **President's chief aide!** It's **my** job to **help protect** the **President** and, of course, being in **Washington,** the political **backstabbing capital** of the **world,** my **most important job** is to **protect my own ass** first!



I'm Kake! My sister, Marry, **always** had more **ambition!** She was the **first** to want to **get married,** and the **first** to want to help **take over** the **world!** And the first in the **family** willing to **commit murder!** Next to **her,** I'm such a **failure!**

That **handsome guy** on the right is my **fiance, Raisin,** but I'm **not** going to **marry** him! I **can't** tell him that, because he would be **heartbroken.** So I'm going to **kill him** instead! Yes, I'm **THAT sensitive** to his **feelings!**



I'm DIm! Trying to get my **Dad, Jerk,** on the **phone** is just about **impossible!** Then, when I **do** get him, he **always** has an **excuse** why he can't **see me!** He says he's **stopping** a **nuclear explosion,** or **executing** a **terrorist,** or **cracking** a **spy ring!** A **typical male — no priorities!** Especially **today,** when I need him **most** for something **really important!** I'm having a **bad hair day!**

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! CLICK!

I'm Merun! Dim is my **Nanny!** She gets paid **$20 an hour!** Normally a Nanny would **only** make **$15 an hour,** but **since** my dad is a **child-beating, wife-killing, raging psychopath,** we spring for the **extra $5 an hour!** Whenever my **dad, Scary** goes into one of his **fits,** Dim takes me **away from home** so he can't **touch me!** She **always** brings me to a **safe place** to hang out! Right **now** she's **hidden** me here at this **smelting factory,** where I'll be **free from harm!**

What's all this **talk** about **me** being an **irrational father?** Irrational? **Irrational?** And **what** are you **looking at?** Yeah, **you! You,** reading this **panel!** Who the **hell** do you think **you are?** You want a **punch** in the **mouth?** Go to **another panel** and **leave me alone!** If you **really** want to **know** why I'm **irrational,** it's because **all** I ever get to **do** on this show is **be irrational!** And **that** makes me **furious!** Would it **kill them** to write me a **rational scene?** Like **letting** me use a **doorknob** to **open a door** once in a **while?**

ARTIST: BOB JULIAN WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO TONAL RENDERING: WILDSTORM

Being a **highly trained** Systems Validation Analyst here at **CTU** is scary! **Here,** when you see **"fatal error"** on your **computer screen,** it means you're a **goner!** For **years,** I thought **CTU** stood for **Counter Terrorist Unit,** but it **actually** stands for **Contrived Timetable Unit!** That's **why** there are those stupid **digital clock** numbers **all over the place!**

I'm **Special Agent Brazen,** head of the top secret **Shhhhh Unit** here at **CTU!** During a **raid,** I was exposed to a **lethal dose** of **Plutonium** and given **a week** to **live!** Fortunately, on **this show,** when you live just **one hour** every **seven days,** a **week** turns **out** to be **quite a bit of time! Hell,** I **may** even **live** to... cough...cough...uh, **maybe not!**

I wrote the **top-top-secret encryption** codes for **every highly-classified** document **we** have on **file!** When there was a **big** explosion at **CTU,** only **I** could give the **secret code!** That's because the **Post-It Note** I kept on my **monitor** with the **secret code** got **blown away** and couldn't be **found!**

I'm Jerk's **wife, Tarry!** I was **killed** in the **first season,** but when **the producers** do these **fast-paced** montage shots to **fill the screen, all** the **characters** look like **other characters** and in the **confusion,** you won't even **remember** I'm **dead!**

I'm **Ninny!** I killed **Jerk's wife,** and I'd like to kill her **again!** She's **dead** and **she** has a **panel,** and I just have my **head** stuck in here!

BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!

The following takes place between pages 51 and 53 of this magazine!

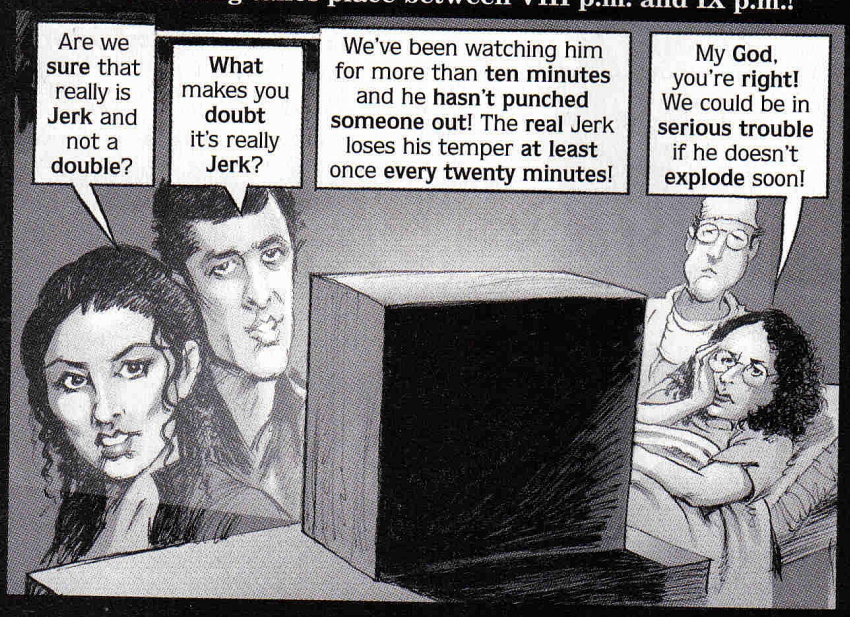
The following takes place one hour after the hour you saw in last week's episode!

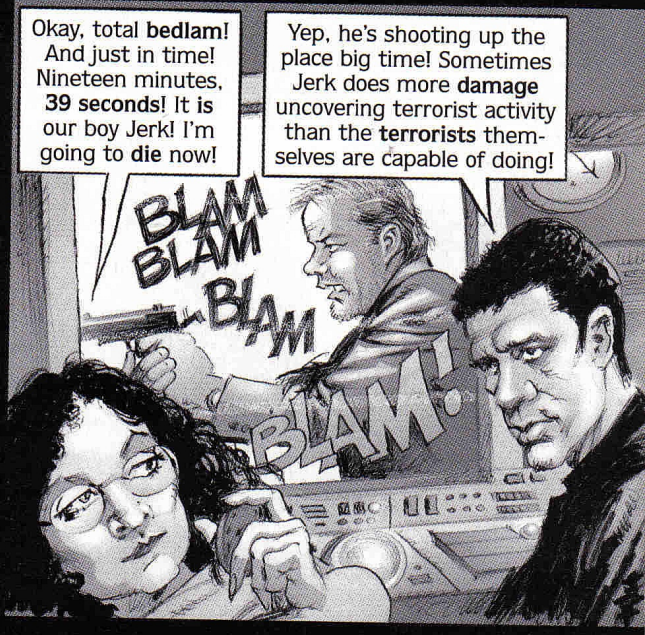


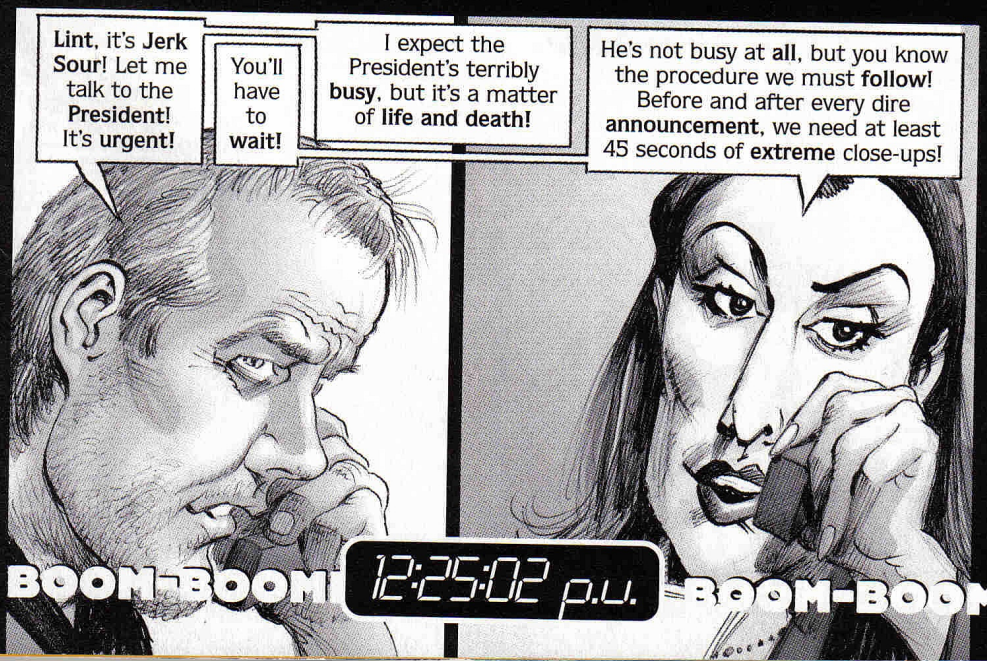
The following takes place after the writers drank straight Scotch from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. and then started writing the dialogue!



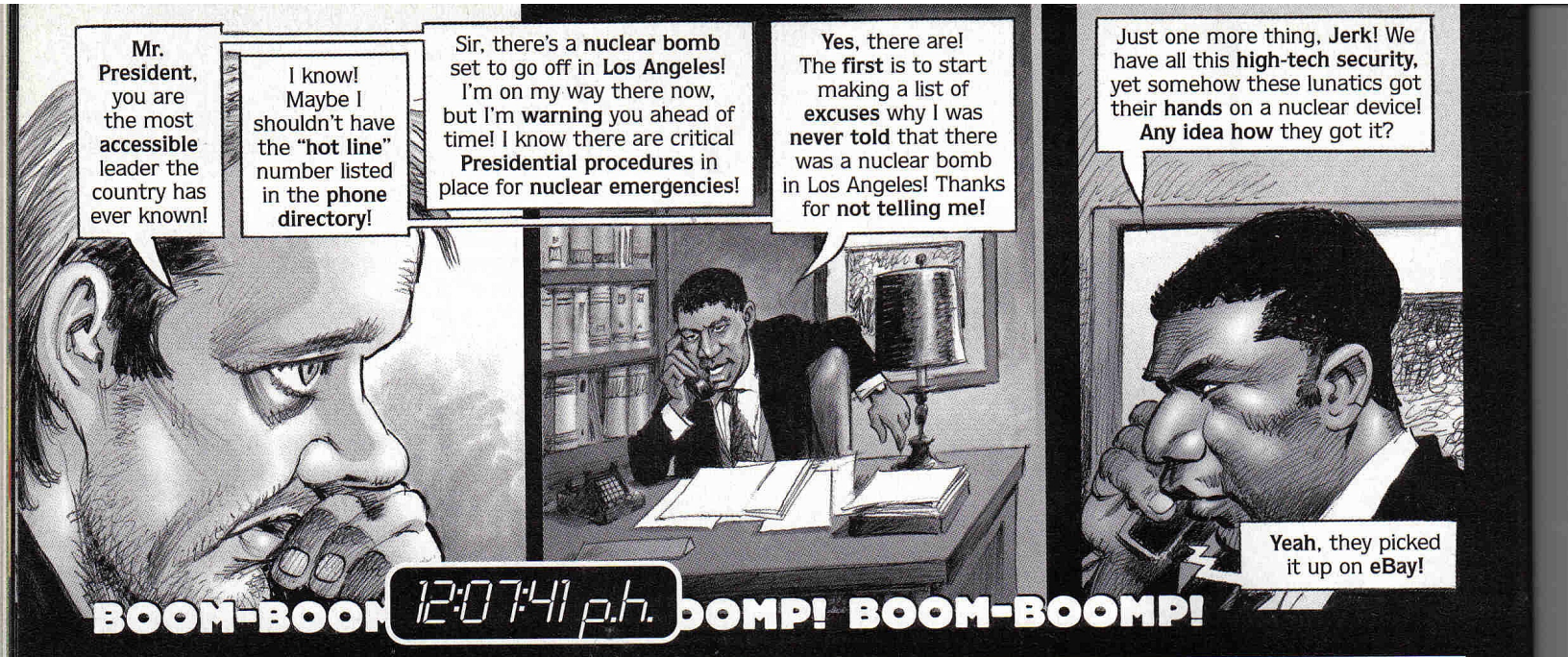
The following takes place between VIII p.m. and IX p.m.!

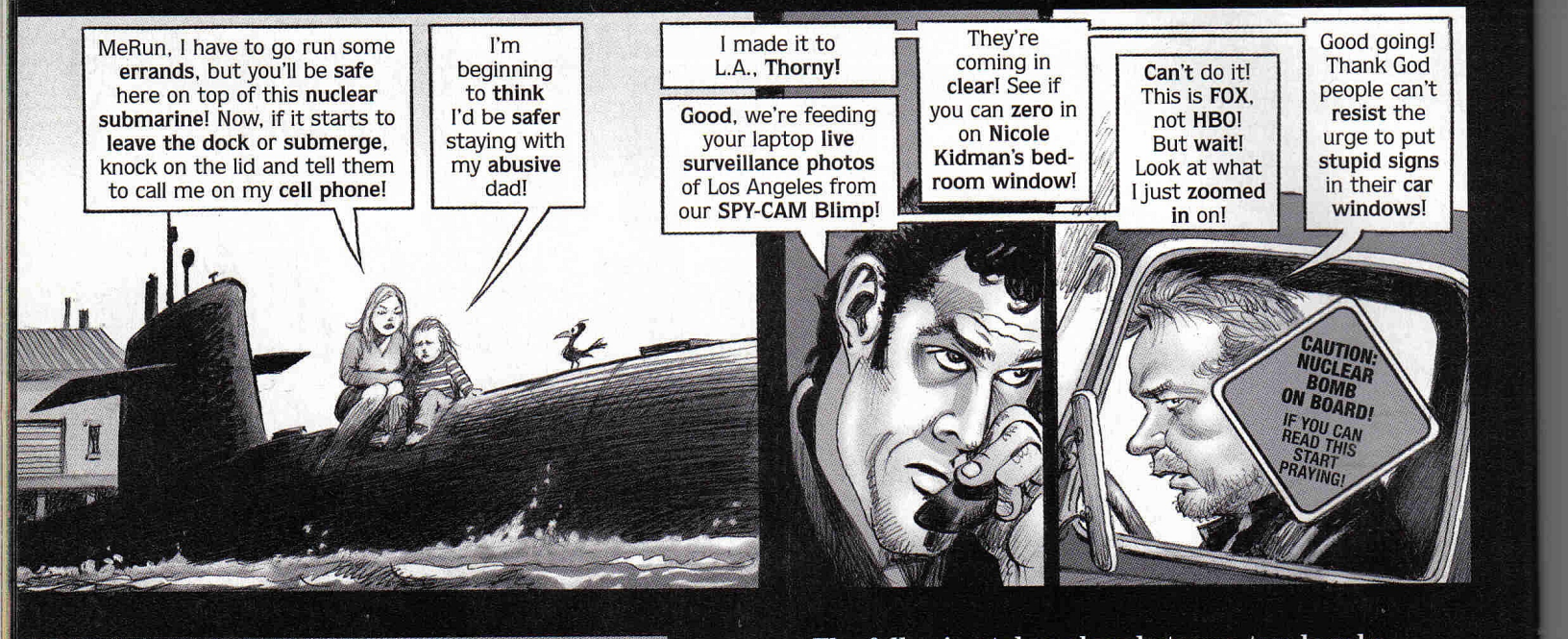




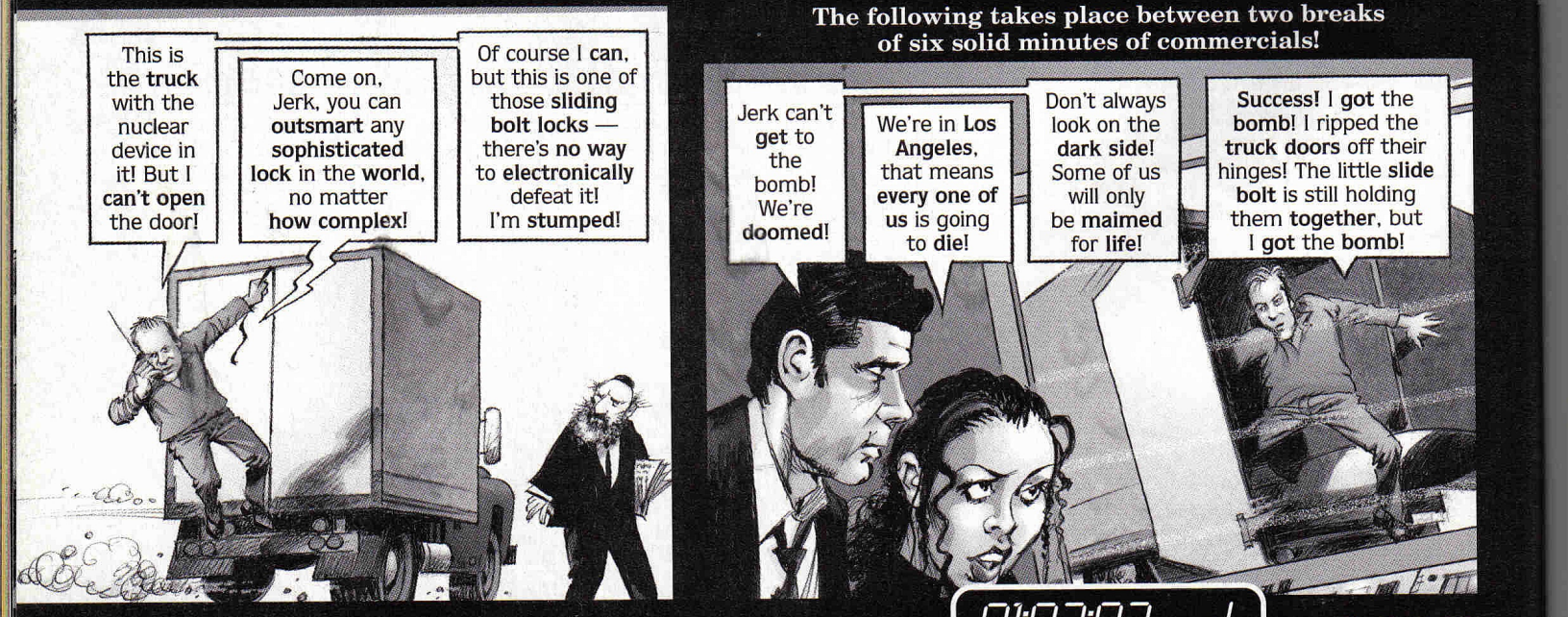








The following takes place between two breaks of six solid minutes of commercials!



Jerk, we fed **x-ray** pictures of that bomb from the **SPY-CAM** into our **$3 trillion** super-high-tech government **computer** and we **have** the **analysis!**

The computer has narrowed the **probable odds** of the device **going off** to between **0** and **100%!**

God bless that computer! Without it, we'd just be **guessing!**

BOOM-B 05:02:75 hut BOOMP!

The following takes place between this time  **and this time!** 

I found the bomb, Mr. President, but I've been **unable** to **defuse** it! I fear it's going to go **off!**

Then take the bomb to **Montana!**

Montana, sir? I don't know **anyone** in Montana!

And **I don't know anybody** in **Montana** either! So it's a **perfect place** to bring it!

THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE IN 60 MINUTES.

MeRun, I need to run a few more **errands!** I'll leave you **here**, where you'll be **safe!**

What's a **rifle range?**

It's just like the one at the **amusement park**, except they use **live ammo!** Now, go over there and hide **behind** that target! You'll be **safe** until I come and **get you!**

RIFLE RANGE

I hope my **flight** to Montana isn't **crowded!**

It **won't be!** No one **wants** to go to **Montana!** Don't you think they'll **stop** you from carrying that **nuclear bomb** on the plane?

I don't **think so!** The sign says "No **knives**, no **guns**, no **scissors**, no **meat cleavers**, no **sling shots**, no **machetes**, no **harpoons**," but it doesn't say a **word** about "no nuclear **devices**," so I think I'm **safe!**

Ladies and **gentlemen!** The wait to get through **security** is one hour! Stay tuned for the **next episode!**

INS CHEC

The nation is **safe**, sir! Well, at least from the **bomb**, not from me!

You **disarmed** it?

I didn't **have** to! You know that annoying **digital clock** that runs at the bottom of the **screen?**

Yes, the one that makes that damn **drum beat** with every **tick?**

Yep, that **one!** I took the **battery** out and it stopped! Without that **corny** countdown device, the bomb can't go **off!**

Did you **know** about the **back-up** battery? Jerk? **Jerk????**

BO 10:98:76 . . . BOOM-B 5:43:21 . . . OOM

KA-BOOOOMMM!!!

WHAT NASTY FOREIGNER IS WREAKING HAVOC ON AMERICAN LIVES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Open the newspaper these days and it seems that America is threatened from all sides. Even long-time allies appear to be making trouble for us. But there is one particular foreigner who is causing a great deal of discomfort among many Americans. To find out who this miserable person is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



AMORAL FOREIGNERS OFTEN DENIGRATE OUR AMERICAN IDEOLOGY. SOME WOULD LIKE TO SEIZE CONTROL JUST TO HURT PEOPLE. LATELY, ONE GUY'S GRUDGE SIMPLY INVOLVES NASTY THREATS. SUCH UNCOMMON CONDUCT PROVES THAT HE DOESN'T WISH ANYONE WELL

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B